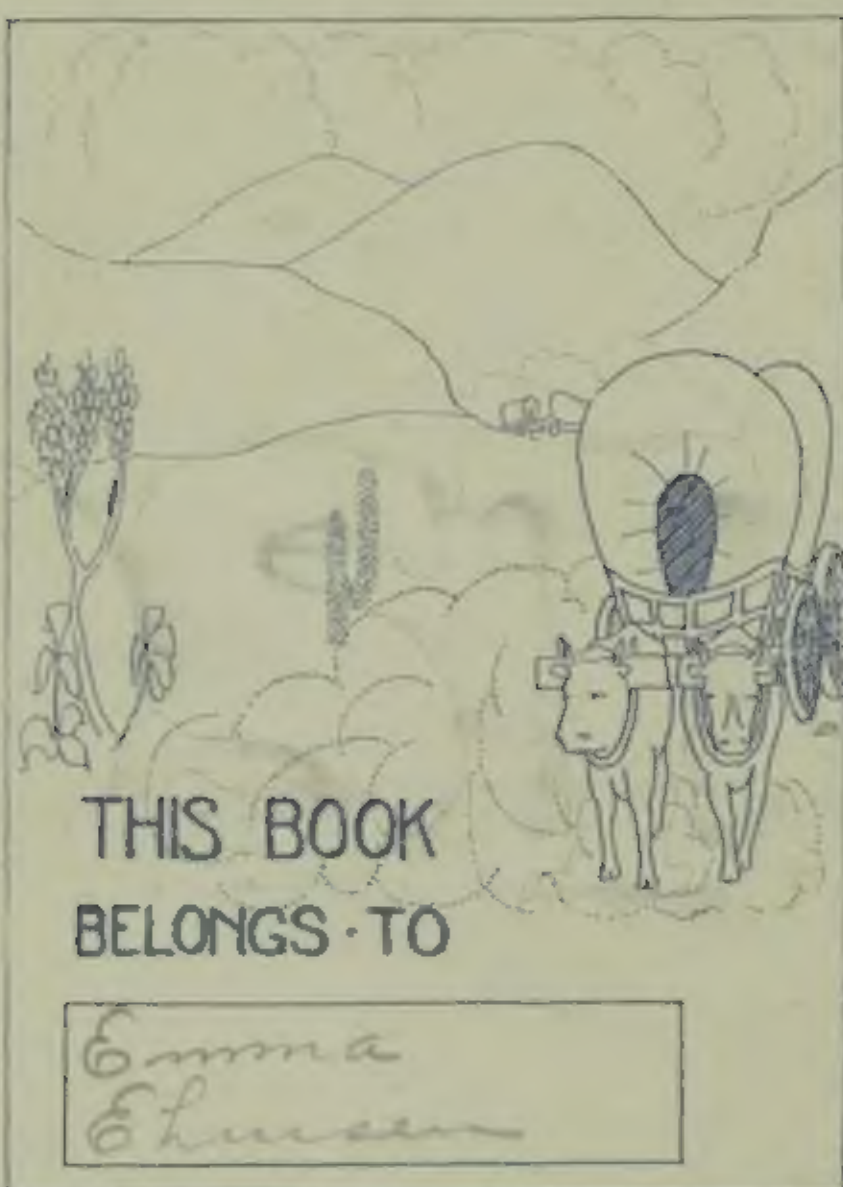


The
POST



JUNE '26 CLASS



THE POST

June
1926



A SEMI-ANNUAL PUBLICATION
OF
THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF
FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL



Foreword

TO PUBLISH an annual that will be treasured by everyone, whether Freshman or Senior, as a memory of his school days at "Old Franklin" has been the primary aim of the staff of the June '26 Post.



FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL SEEN FROM DIVISION STREET



Dedication

TO THOSE PIONEERS of Oregon who, with their splendid foresight and personal sacrifices, have made possible our present-day comforts and opportunities, we sincerely dedicate this issue of *The Post* to show our appreciation of their efforts.



Appreciation

IN PUBLISHING this Post we have been helped by many friends, and we wish to take this means of expressing our appreciation and our thanks.

To our faculty advisers, Miss Smith, Miss Richards, Miss Foster, Miss Fields, Miss Monroe, and Mr. Eckhardt, for the time and energy they have devoted to this issue.

To our invaluable friends, the advertisers, without whom this book would have been impossible.

To our worthy friends, the contributors, who, whether their offerings were accepted or not, deserve credit for their efforts.

To the Art Department, which, under the guidance of Miss Foster, deserves much credit for its splendid work. The following art students deserve individual mention: Donald Dawson, Marian Jameson, Fern McChesney, Doris Miller, Edwin Honsinger, June Jacobson, Ruth Kinderman, Dorothy Goddard, Myrtle Horton, Ivan Hawes, Clifford Joy, Kathleen Reif, Kenneth Wilson, Imogene Johnson, and Iola Kelley.

To the Commercial Department and Sc8 Class, especially Lois Manning, Gretchen Larson, Laura Winkelman, and Iva Horton.

To our trusty friends and co-workers, the Post Representatives.

To our innumerable friends among the faculty and student body who have supported The Post with subscriptions, contributions, or suggestions.

To Walter Boyd for his assistance in obtaining ads.

THE POST STAFF



POST STAFF

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DERYL ROYSE
Editor-in-Chief

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HELEN FORS
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Art

VELMA MANNING
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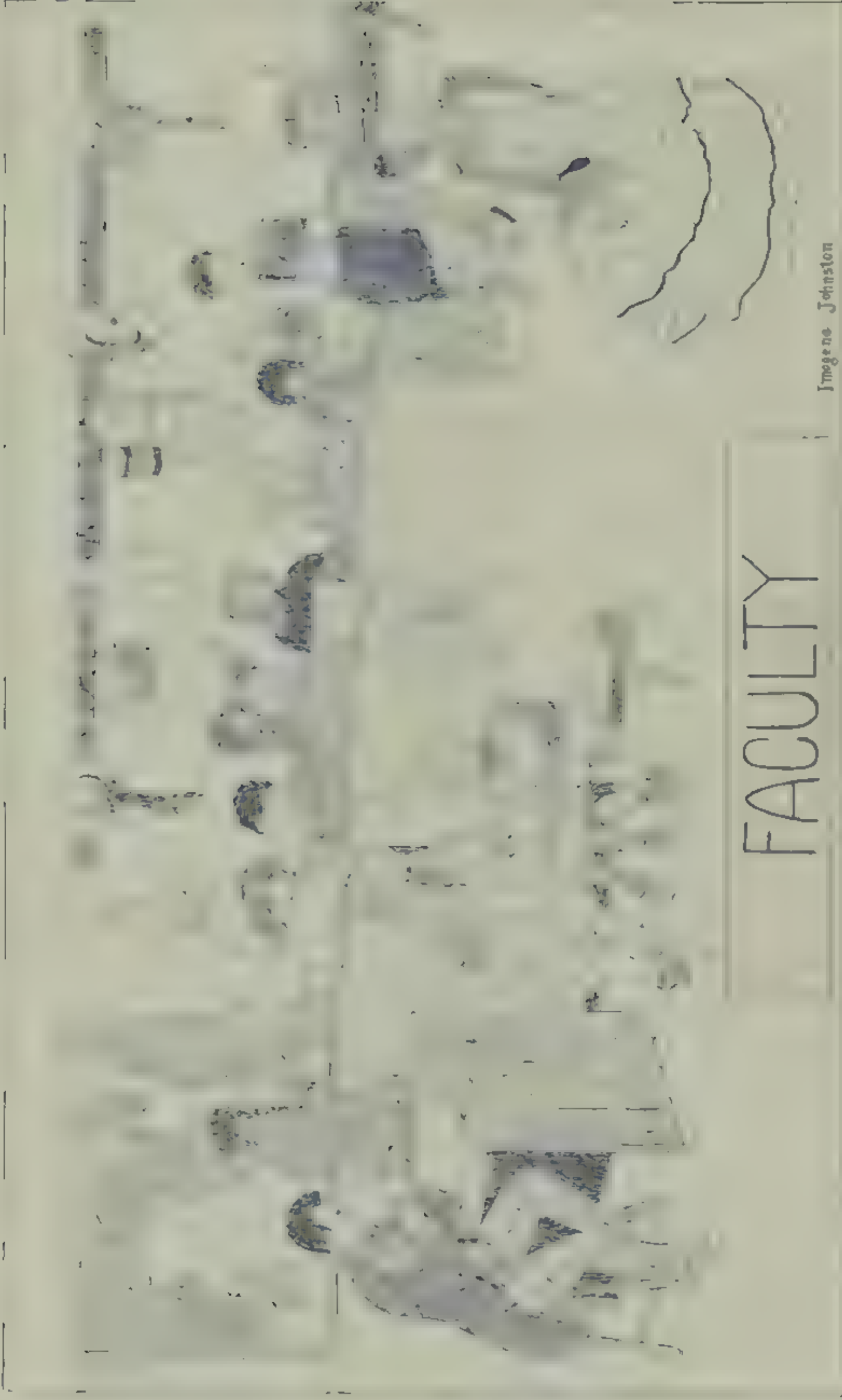
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MILTON RUSSELL
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Ad Solicitor

JAMES GILBAUGH
Ad Solicitor



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Imogene Johnston



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L. A. MELENDY
Vice-Principal

ELLA E. WILSON
Dean of Girls

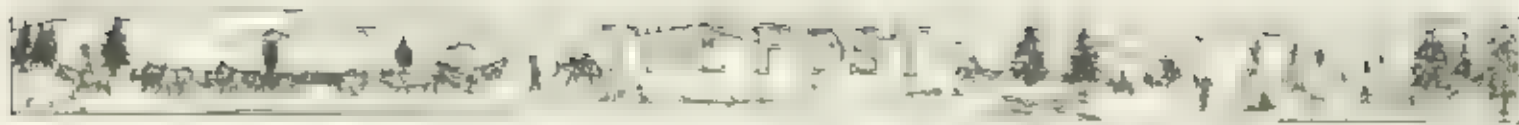
NELLE SONNEMAN
Assistant Secretary

HELEN FRAMPTON
Secretary



Class of 1926

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ALICE SINKS	AMIE YOUNG	MYRTLE GROSHONG
LOUISE CORBIN	A. RICHARDS	CAROLINE PAGE
ALICE ALLEN	H. H. ECKHARDT	C. M. DICKINSON
COLTON MEEK	A. RUGG	W. A. DEWHIRST
ALICE RUGG	MARIE C. SMITH	ALICE FIELDS
P. P. VAN ALLEN	W. R. RUGGWAY	H. W. PARKS
ELIE SCHMIDT	RUTH H. WORD	MARGARET MONROE
ELIE	JENNIE HUGGINS	



BLANCHE M. THURSTON
Head of English Dept.

MOREITA HOWARD

GRACE FOSTER
At

H. W. WHITE
Head of Commerce Dept.

MABEL MAULE

A. A. ENNA

W. W. RODWELL

C. GAWR BURKE
Gymnasium Instructor

GRACE REEVE

ALICE CASHBER

E. N. SOUTHWICK

MARGARET GARRISON

ROBERT H. DOWN
Head of History Dept.

MARIE CHURCHILL

NETTIE DREW
Librarian

HENRY NAVE

RUBY McKAY

W. G. HARRINGTON

LAURA HAMMER

BURNICE ZIMMERMAN

MARY TOWNSEND

HELEN HERNER

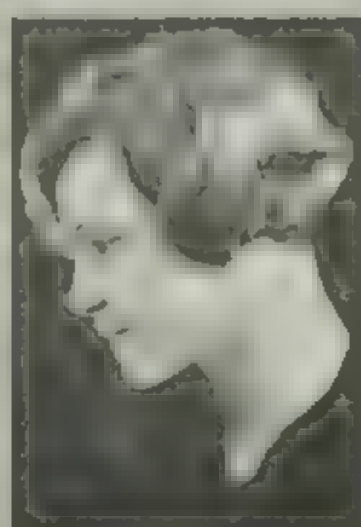
J. R. BYMHOLD
Mechanical Drawings

HESSIE SMITH

MILLEN TOWNSEND

MARIE LITTEY

LOUISE ECCLES



CLASS FACULTY

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Honorary Member

MARIE C. SMITH
Post-General Adviser

M. MURRAY
Class Adviser


GRACE FOSTER
Post-Art Adviser

H. H. ECKHARDT
Post-Business Adviser

ALICE FIELDS
Post-Senior Adviser

HAZEL RICHARDS
Post-Literary Adviser

MARGARET MONROE
Post-Athletic Adviser



SENIORS



Class Poem

Farewell to Franklin

By BETTY SMITH

The time has come, dear Franklin,
For us to say adieu.

We now must face the future
With sad farewells to you.

We've worked and played together
Through happy years of youth,
Aided by thy teachings
Of wisdom, strength, and truth.

But now 'tis time to leave thee
And journey on our way
With hearts a little saddened,
But this we're glad to say:

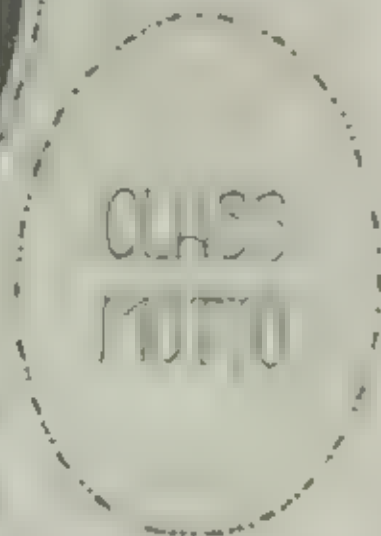
"That as we travel onward
Our hearts will hold no fear,
For thou hast taught us and we have
Thy inspiration clear."

And when the shadows gather
And years are left behind,
Memories will come crowding,
Regrets may fill the mind.

But there's one golden mem'ry
Dearer than all, we'll find,
Thoughts of our dear Alma Mater,
Franklin High School, mother kind.



JUNE 1936 CLASS



Class Officers

KENNETH HUDDLE

When Nature I

MARTHA HILANDS

Age 16

LALOVE FRANKLIN

RONALD BUFORD

Treasurer

I am determined to always

JOHN McQUAID

Sergeant at Arms

He is complete

DERYL ROYSE

It

CLASS
MOTTO



GLADYS ACKER

LAVELLE ALEXANDER

"Regone, dull care, tho I

BESSIE ALLEN

*Ill her
Her cor*

RAYMOND ANDERSON

HELEN ANDREWS

Best is she liked wh

OTTO ANUSCHAT

"I never dare

EVA ARATA

JUNE '26
CLASS





JUL - 25

CLASSES



HAROLD ARNOLD

He is ever ready to reach new spheres



ELLA BECK

MAXINE BECKTEL

In music



IRENE BOARDMAN



CONSTANCE BORDWELL

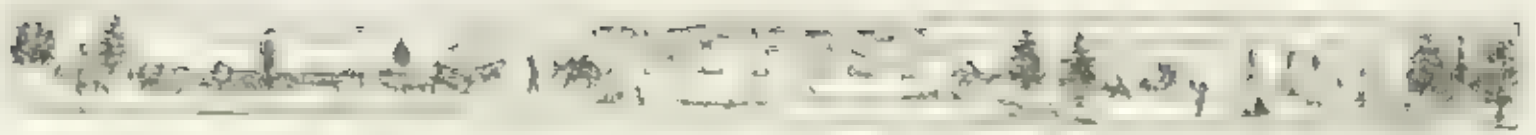


WILLIAM BORIN



WALTER BOYD





HOWARD BRAIN

ELDON BRIDGEFARMER

What care I when
A

LUCILLE BRUMELS

I girl of action and

FLORENCE BUMGARDNER

She is the one

ERNEST BURROWS

Hence is the learner

LOUISE CALIFFEN

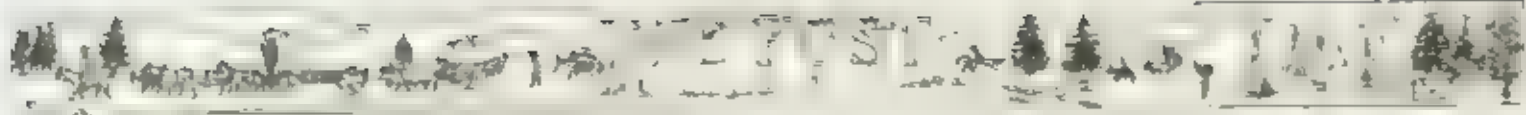
GERTRUDE CARLSON

Simolity in a



THE
CLASS





NINE-TH
CLASS



James Parson
JAMES PARSON



PHILIP COUSWELL



EDWARD COUSWELL



LEONARD COUSWELL



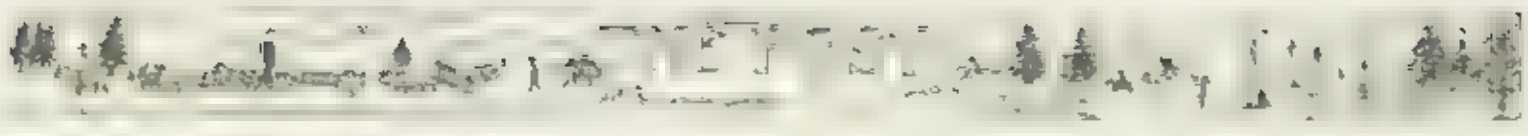
RUTH COOK



WILLIAM COX



ARVILLA DAVIS



PAUL DENNIS

WANDA DOWNS

In youth.

LEOTTA DOUCETTE

*Grace is to the body what good sense
is to the mind*

LOUISE EAGLETON

"Her charm is in just being her"

GERTRUDE FREERTON

*Sweet remembrance
Shall flourish where*

KATHERINE EDWARDS

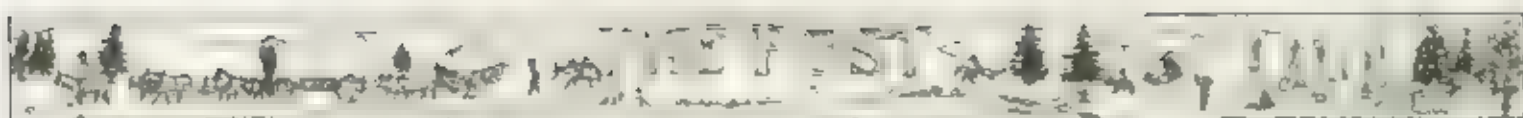
RALPH ELLIS

*A man not to be changed by time or
place*



JUNE 28

1920



ESTHERLEE ELMER

A jolly girl full of fun

FLORENCE EISE

*Work and to do she's always a
dearly her place she's filling*

BESSIE ENNES

*"Bright as the sun her eyes all gazers
stare,
And like the sun they shine on all alike"*

AURILLA ERHART

*"A firm yet cautious mind, sincere
though prudent, constant and resigned."*

VAIDA FELDMAN

*She is neither tall nor small, but finds
in it the eyes of all*

NEIL FLEMING

*"The reason him, the temperate will
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill"*

ARIETA FORREST

*Modesty is to merit what shade
the flowers in a culture."*



HELEN FORS

*"Wit and grace and love and beauty
In a constellation shine."*

DAY FOSTER

*"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew."*

RICHARD GENTRY

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

IRENE GHISOLPHY

*"gentle in personage, conduct and
equipment, generous and free."*

JAMES GILBAUGH

*"Persuasive speech and more persuasive
eye."*

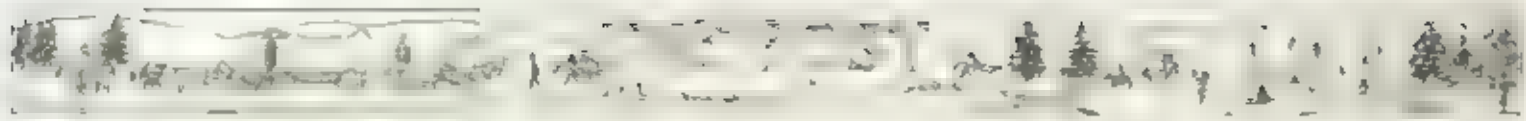
ROBERT GILBREATH

*"He'll let them know that he's on this
earth."*

JAMES GILLESPIE

*"I take it to be a principal rule of life
not to be too much addicted to one thing."*





STANLEY G. GREEN

ETHEL G. GREEN

ALVA GREENWELL

BESSIE GREENWELL

MARTHA GRIMSON

*It was her thinking of others that made
me think of her*

CHARLES GROSS

GURIE GUSTAFSSON



LYDD HALVORSON
"Self confidence is the first requisite of human greatness."

REBA HANCOCK
"She is short and sweet and hard to

MILTON HANSON
"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed your sustenance and birthright are."

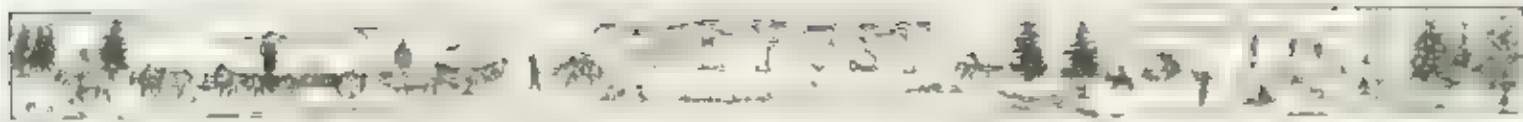
LOREN HARE
"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure and pleasure my business."

MARGRET HARPER
"Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens."

MARJORIE HARRINGTON
"A pal and a friend who is good and true."

DONALD HARRIS
"Music is the universal language of mankind."





JOSEPH HAWKINS

*Whatever subject he touches
He touches, by the most splendid*

MARTHA HEENER

*"A sunny soul does not need letters
of introduction."*

MERYLE HENSHAW

*"Her eyes could speak though her
tongue were silent."*

PHYLLIS HOGGATT

*The path o' sense and the pride o'
north*

MARION HOLLOWAY

*"What's the person or a beautiful face
Unless deportment gives them grace?"*

HELEN HORNER

"For every why she has a wherefore."

IVA HORTON

*"The purest treasure mortal time affords
is a spotless reputation."*



HELEN HUGHES

Her thoughts are flocks; she keeps

GRACE HUMES

HELEN INCH

I sit for care—

LEILAH IVIE

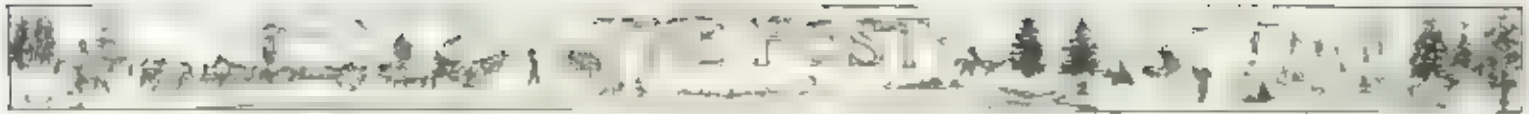
LAWRENCE JACKSON

ELLEN JONES

ALICE KAHLIN

*She makes one's own happiness only by
care of the happiness of others.*





JUNE-26
CLASS



DONALD KARBERG



WILLIAM KEENAN



LOLA KELLEY



THELMA KENNEDY



ERVEN KINCAID

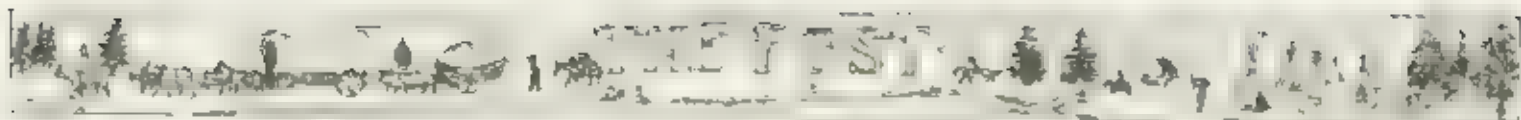
Lola's 100 st



MARY KOON



GRETCHEN LARSON



MARTIN LAVELL

*"One can not always be a hero, but one
can always be a gentleman."*

EDWARD LAWS

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

VEHELA LEHMAN

*"In richest ore
This precious — I is set."*

HAROLD LEWIS

"at to man in life is lent"

LOLA LINGLE

*"Never anything can be amiss when
simplicity and duty tender it."*

MARGARET LOCH

*"A quiet girl, a good
friend to all who know her"*

IRMA LOCKE

*"By the twinkle of her eye, I fear she
plotted mischief"*



JUNE 28

CLASS



KATHERINE LODI

EDNA MCCLURE



ALICE MCKENNA

MAYME MCKENNA



LOIS MANNING

VERMA MANNING



CORLEEN METTOUN



ZELMA MERCHANT

"Music is the only art that goes from earth to heaven."

HAROLD MERSINGER

"By the work you know the workman."

EMMA MILLER

"There is a great force hidden in a sweet command."

VIRGIL MILLER

*"He has no time for girls or fame,
A mere diploma is his aim."*

FRANCES MONTGOMERY

*"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."*

WALTER MORROW

*"Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind."*

EILENE NELSON

*"A girl with a smile and eyes that speak
for themselves."*



JUNE - 26
CLASS



FRANK OHLER

ROBERT OTTO

Lyle Peters

FLORENCE MARY PLUMMER

RENE POEWARTH

CATHERINE POLPINGTON

FRED PRAHL



ELIZABETH PRIDEAUX

True merit is like a deep river to

LUCILE QUAM

WILLIAM RAMSDEN

The warmth of eternal

ROBERT RANKIN

Whatever he did

DORCHEA RATHBUN

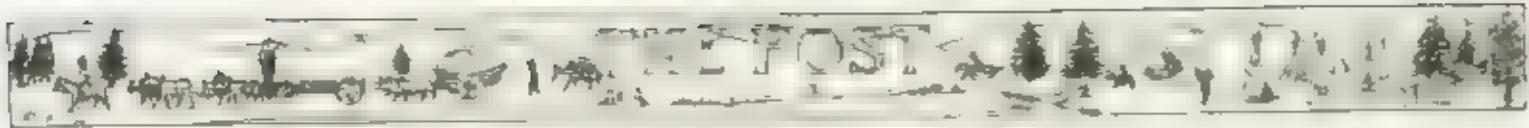
THELMA RAZ

Music is well

EVELYN REED

Her mother's love





JUNE - 28

CLASS



KATHIEEN REIF

*"A cheerful nature and a musical soul
make a good combination."*

CLARA RENWICK

"A faithful friend is better than gold."

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS

*"In truth dear girl, you often seem
Like something fashioned in a dream."*

VALERIE RICE

*"She has a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief and cure all care."*

BETTY RICHARDS

*"High flights she had and wit at will
And so her tongue was seldom still."*

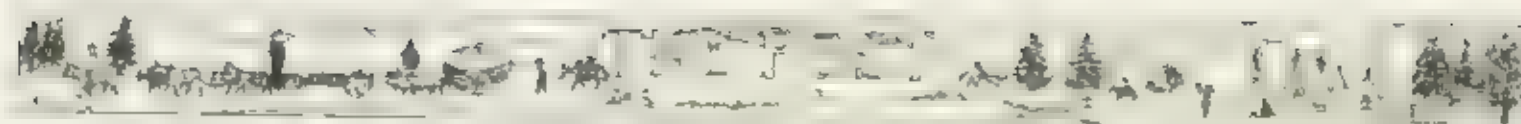
W. C. G. G.

ALICE RICHEY

*"Gentle as she seemeth, she knoweth
what she thinketh."*

CATHERINE RODUNER

"Love me little, love me long"



SYLVIA ROSE

MARGUERITE RUSH

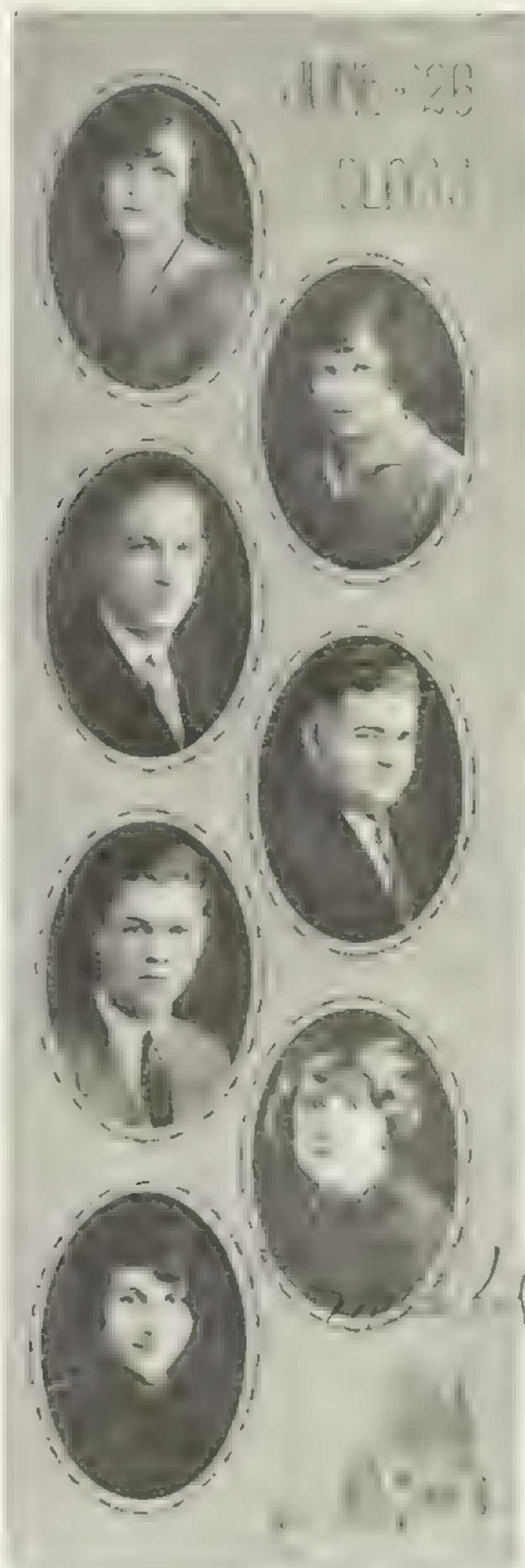
MITTON RUSSELL

REX RYAN

PAT SAAR

MILDRED SANDER

AMELIA SCHAPIRO





JUNE 1933 CLASS



CAROL ANN SOWLE '33

DOROTHY SELL

FRANK SHIMIZU

Patron

KENNETH SMART

Patron

BETTY SMITH

Patron

ELLEN SMITH

Patron

MILICENT SMITH

Who made reason wit



MILTON SMITH
Keen sense comes

ROBERT SNEVE
Quiet looks

EILA STEPHAN

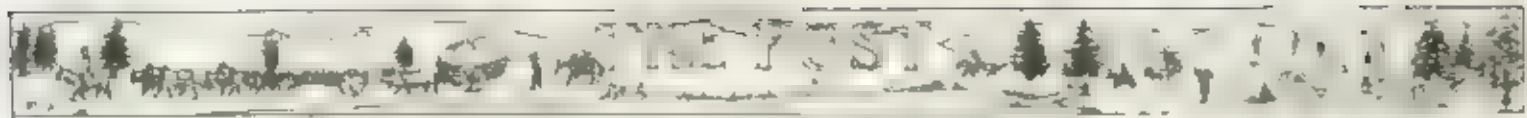
DALE STURMER
Let your speech

LAURA SVART
Is virtue that makes her most admired

LURLINE SWETMAN
Nothing is impossible

ARTHUR TAKAHASHI
To know how to h





JUNE - '26
CLASS



LEXIE THRALL

"I want the same to everyone"

DOROTHY TODD

"The light of her eyes is sufficient to make an impression"

CARL TOIVEN

*"I mean he takes from their
keen air and carries it to us"*

ROSE ESCOPP

FLORENCE TURNER

*"I rather guess she was a woman
nothing less"*

BOTILDA TYKESON

"Possessing a capacity"

MARY VALERICO

"Character is the diamond that"



LULU VANDERHOOF

"Good temper oils the wheels of life."

GERALD VAN DERLUU

"He loves to chat with the girls, we know
Tis the way with men -they're always
so"

ELSIE WAGINI

"Common sense to an uncommon degree
is what the world calls wisdom."

INEZ WARD

"The gladness of her greeting is gold
without alloy."

Inez Starch

RUBY WEBB

"Ready to work, ready to play,
Ready to help who e'er she may"

MILDRED WELLS

"Her happy smiles on her lips which play
Make friends of all who pass her way."

MARY WESTLAKE

"I quiet, peace my manner meets with
friends"





1950

CLASS



GENEVIEVE WILLIAMS

Her modest answer

KENNETH WILSON

*Man
In a hat*

LAURA WINKELMAN

MORRIS WOLF

He is also here

BERNARD WOLKERSTORFER

WANDA YEZERSKI

FRANCES YOUNG



Class History

"Oh! then Suzanna, and don't you weep for me,
For I'm coming back from Oregon with my banjo on my knee."

Just as many old pioneers set out across the plains in '49 with the above tune cheering them onward, so did many young freshmen sit in the gymnasium in the fall of '22 listening to upper classmen sing:

"For we think it is no sin, sir,
To take the freshmen in, sir,
And relieve them of their tin, sir,
To drive dull care away."

They had faced bravely the first days of strange halls, staring school-fellows, and new work. They entered zealously into all student activities, and viewed their first football game two-hundred strong.

Adoration replaced the awe the freshmen felt for the seniors, when that class generously entertained them at a friendly frolic, serving maple bars and punch. 'Twas almost too good to be true, when tiny first termers paraded in the Grand March with dignified graduates.

Then again, just as their grandfathers had settled down to the daily routine of hardships, Indians, deaths, and discouragements, so did these hardy freshmen become accustomed to the task of returning library slips, the thrill of Post pictures, the terrifying fears of finals exams, and the laughter and joy of the Country Fair.

As third-termers, they went on record as the champion teasers of the incoming freshmen. The sophs supported enthusiastically football, basketball, operas, and class plays. They began to display their own talents, and their accomplishments were seen in the Art Department, the Music Department, School Daze, and the Post.

In the fall of '24, as seniors, they continued their movement for education, and, accepting the work of preparing for graduation, they anticipated that day of dreams as much as their fore-fathers had anticipated the making of new homes.

The last year came with a rush, and the June graduates knew the thrill of organizing. With Kenneth Huddle, president; Martha Hilands, vice-president; Lalove Franklin, secretary; Ronald Buford, treasurer; John McQuaid, sergeant-at-arms; and Deryl Royse, editor; they hoped to complete a successful journey. To insure that success, Mrs. Wilson was chosen Honorary Member, and Mrs. Murray, Class Adviser. One of the first acts of the organized class was to show their good spirit in ushering at the January Commencement and in decorating for the January Prom.

The final settling in the rooms, six, eight, ten, twelve, and fourteen, was somewhat like the clearing of forests and the building of log cabins. There was much to be done; credits earned; Post work started; class play try-outs held; Senior-faculty basketball game played; and class party planned. With a last display of talents and strength, the June graduates reached Commencement, and the light in their eyes showed that their accomplishments were but a beginning, and were symbolical of greater work to follow.

LALOVE FRANKLIN.



Class Prophecy

IT WASN'T "The End of a Perfect Day." It was near the end of a warm, sultry day in September, 1930. Owing to the influence of the weather, I had felt more or less depressed since early morning. My work had dragged, and everything had seemed to go wrong. I threw myself into an easy chair with my mind running through a conglomeration of the past, present, and future.

I heard the postman come and drop a letter in the box. Forgetting my weariness, I ran to see what news he had brought. When I opened the envelope, I found to my joyful surprise, an invitation from Kenneth Huddle to be a guest on an extended automobile party to be made up of old class members. I wrote him a letter of acceptance and immediately began preparations for the trip.

The next day when I stepped aboard the street bus to go shopping for a hiking outfit, Dale Sturmer, conductor, met me with his usual jovial smile. The car was crowded, and as it lurched forward someone bumped me and begged my pardon. I turned and met the eyes of Florence Bumgardner.

"Hello, Florence," I said. "What's the news?"

"Oh! Have you heard?" said Florence, "Edna McClure has recently announced her engagement to Douglas Warren. Yes, and Lola Kelley and Dorothea Rathbun have a Baby Boudoir Shop up on Broadway, and Valda Feldman is operating a most adorable tea room right next door."

After leaving the street bus, we went into Toiven & Ramsden Bros., a large department store on the corner of Grand avenue and Davis street. The first floorwalker we met was Lloyd Halvorson. We learned through him that Gretchen Larson, Estherlee Elmer, Gurli Gustafsson, Katherine Lodi, and Elizabeth Reynolds were stenographers there. Florence had to hurry on to keep her appointment with her dentist, Walter Boyd, so she went her way and I mine. I called a taxi and the driver proved to be Howard Braly.

By noon of the third day I was ready to start, and wired Kenneth that I would leave on the S. P. & S. at 11:40 that evening. By the time I reached the depot the train was due. I was hurriedly fumbling for my money and did not notice who the ticket agent was, until I looked up into the amused face of Lellah Ivie. She told me Edward Collins was in charge of the Information Bureau there. The train was late, and as there were not many people around, we had an opportunity to talk. She had still more news. Lurline Swetman, Gertrude Ebertson, and Dorothy Todd were missionaries in China; Margaret Loch was an ambassador to France; Frances Montgomery was conducting kindergarten classes. Lola Langle had won the international championship in cross-country bicycling, and Elene Nelson had been appointed the head of the Public Speaking Department of the Portland High Schools. We were interrupted by the announcement of my train. Lellah wished me a happy trip, and I hurried off.

"Your ticket, Madam," said—why—it was Milton Hanson.

When I reached Kenneth's farm, from which we were to start, the harvesters were still working to finish the harvesting before we started.

The smell of savory food drew the lusty men into the farmhouse. Among them were Gerald Van Dervlugt, Richard Walters, Fred Prahl, and Harold Lewis. They were all farmers and seemed to be enjoying life.

"Have you heard about James Gilbaugh?" said Gerald. "He's running on the Republican ticket for U. S. senator."

"Well, I hope for the best," said Kenneth. "He was always such a fine chap."

"Speaking of old classmates," joined in Fred, "I received a newsy letter from Deryl Royse several days ago. He is editor-in-chief of the Chicago Tribune. Just a year after graduation he married Elizabeth Prideroux and set out with high aspirations. He mentioned in his letter that Millicent Smith was a tutor of Spanish in several of the prominent homes of Chicago, that Helen Fors was the secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of that city, and that Frank Shimizu owned an immense florist shop there."

"I have some clippings from some Portland newspapers that William Borin sent me," said Fred. "Will you hear them?"

"By all means," said Kenneth.

He read: "A Noted Evangelist to Speak. Dr. Robert Rankin, etc. He has with him the celebrated pianist, Zelma Merchant, and a special chorus composed of Gladys Acker, Velma Manning, Frances Young, Alta Greenleaf, Alice McKenna, Thelma Kennedy, Irma Locke, Mervyle Henshaw, Reba Hancock, and Florence Else."

"Well, of all things," said Gerald. "Not so unusual, had it been Raymond Anderson."

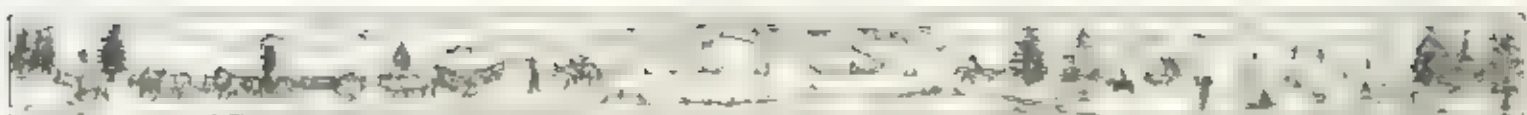
Fred then read: "Miss Agnes Carson is reported to have won first place in teaching parrots to talk. Try-outs were held during the last week by the owner, Mr. Ronald Buford. Dick Gentry is in South America at the head of a large apiary. He went there immediately after his disappointment in love, from which it is feared he will never recover."

"Well, boys, we must go if we finish the work by dark," said Richard Walters, rising from the table.

The following morning we went to the farm of William Cox, where we were to meet the rest of the party. When we drew up, the cars were all lined up ready to start. The first faces I saw were those of Gertrude Carlson, Bessie Ennes, Colleen Mellow, Lavelle Alexander, and Ruby Webb. At the sight of so many old friends, I immediately felt at ease and joined the adventurous throng.

Our first night around the campfires was a renewal of many old acquaintances. Each was to do a stunt to furnish amusement and help us forget our trials and hardships of the day. Joe Hawkins thrust himself forward and delivered a short humorous address. He did not resemble a statesman with his faded overalls rolled above his boots. The air was filled with laughter and the clapping of hands. One extremely familiar laugh rang out above all. Yes, I had heard that laugh before. Was I surprised to find Erven Kincaid? Not at all. But I was astonished to see as his companion Alice Kahlin.

Joe acted as chairman and called on various persons. Bessie Greenwell, the first to be called upon, rendered a beautiful solo. Frances Oller fol-



lowed with a speech, and Edward Laws told a series of jokes which brought the program to a close.

A bugle blown by Otto Anuschat at five the next morning started the camps going. As I looked out of my tent I saw Irene Ghisolphy flipping flapjacks over the campfire, and John McQuaid approaching with an armload of firewood. I could see Ernest Burrows and Harold Mersinger rushing around to get their cars ready before breakfast. After a hurried meal, Lawrence Jackson drove down the line and gave the signal to start.

We were not long on our way before Eldon Bridgefarmer's car sputtered and stopped. The mechanic, Robert Otto, was summoned, but it was some time before he discovered the trouble. This incident delayed us until noon, when Loren Hare reminded us that it was lunch time. Bessie Allen, Helen Andrews, and Irene Boardman began to rattle camp kettles. Amelia Schlappi, Alive Richey, Louise Eagleton, and Eva Arata sat on the running board of a car and talked about the latest haircut which had just been announced by Earl Hunt, director of styles in hair dressing. The merry-makers ate their simple meal and started on their way again. After a long, uneventful afternoon, we made camp for the night. Ella Stephan suggested that the others do their stunts for the entertainment. Rose Tschopp sang a college song to the accompaniment of Morris Wolf's guitar. William Keenan led us in some old Franklin songs, but as the crowd was tired, the program ended abruptly. Paul Dennis and Inez Ward said they would watch the fires that night.

In the morning while the boys were looking for wood they found deer tracks. They were all excited and could hardly wait until they could get ready to set off in pursuit. Lloyd Conger said he was experienced in deer hunting, so he led the way. Ralph Elle and Neil Fleming followed close behind him. They said that he needed a protectorate. Several of the women, including Ella Beck, Maxine Beckett, Constance Bordwell, and Lucille Brumels, stood around the campfire speculating as to what luck the boys would have.

After a while the shrill cries of the boys returning with their treasures were heard. They gave the deer to Donald Karberg, who showed the boys how to dissect the animal. Robert Gilbreath, James Gillespie, and Stanley Gilarum assisted as best they could. Arvilla Davis, Martha Grimson and Lois Manning were on hand with their kettles in which to cook the meat.

"Let's end the day with a dance," called Philip Cogswell, who is noted for his excellent dancing lessons.

Milton Russell, Robert Sneve, Botilda Tykeson, and Florence Turner ran for their instruments and the dance began. We had danced only a short time when Rex Ryan called, "Lalove Franklin and Kenneth Smart have just announced their engagement, and they want to be married tonight. Is there a preacher here?"

Charles Gross declared himself an ordained minister and took charge of the ceremony. Martha Hilands was bridesmaid and Donald Harris best man. Evelyn Goodloe sang the wedding song to the accompaniment of Margaret Harper's violin.

"Isn't that silly?" remarked Katherine Edwards.

"It certainly is," said Aurilla Erhart. "If I ever get married it certainly won't be on the spur of the moment so I'll have something to regret afterwards."



"Now, Aurilla," said Betty Smith, "I think that it's perfectly lovely. Now consider Bernard Wolkerstorfer and me for instance. We have been engaged for so long it's just growing to be a matter of course, and I doubt if we ever go through with it."

"You'll both be better off if you don't," said Ellen Jones, who has resolved to be an old maid.

We planned to stay there on the following day and rest. Early the next morning Phyllis Hoggatt, Marjorie Harrington, Caroline Schweitzer, Martha Hefner, Helen Horner, and Iva Horton motored to a small town that was about a two hours' drive away, for some supplies. When they came back they said that Paul Sagar was playing opposite Lulu Vanderhoof in Kathleen Reif's musical comedy. Mary Westlake, Catherine Poppleton, Genevieve Williams, Valerie Rice, and Laura Svart were taking minor parts in the comedy. They saw Marguerite Rush, Florencemary Plummer, Helen Hughes, and Marion Holloway on the street. They were on a motor trip, and had Virgil Miller and Arthur Takahashi as their chauffeurs. Elsie Wagini, Clara Renwick, and Emma Miller were along with them. They said that they would come out that afternoon so that they could join us on our return trip the next day.

The second week we lost some of our party. Dorothy See, Mary Valerico, Mary Koon, Vahela Lehman, and Lexie Thrall left us to go on and finish their vacation at the home of Dorothy See, a famous motion picture actress.

When we finally reached William Cox's farm again, he had a surprise in store for us. He introduced us to his bride, Leotta Doucette, who had brought Betty Richards, Ellen Smith, and Mildred Wells home with her from the city to spend the week-end. They were all school teachers. From them I learned more interesting facts about my former classmates. Catherine Roduner and Mildred Sandberg were traveling with Ellison & White. Laura Winkelman was teaching school, and Wanda Yezerski was leading the campaign for a new wing for Franklin High School.

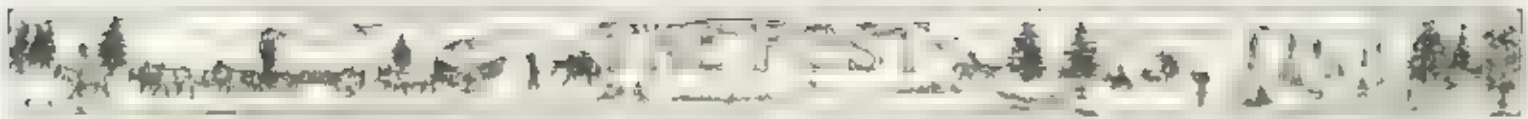
The party broke up here, and each went his own way. When we reached Kenneth's home, Walter Morrow, who had stayed home, had a cosy fire ready for us in the fireplace. There was a School Daze waiting for us that had come that day. In it were the following alumni notes:

Mr. Kenneth Wilson, the great metaphysical writer of the century, is writing grandiloquent elegies for a journal while traveling with Mr. Max McKinney, who is making a scientific study of the moon.

Thelma Raz, the noted bicycle rider, was last heard of as she left a small town in Africa. It is thought that she became lost in the desert while trying to finish her round-the-world trip by bicycle. Evelyn Reed, accompanied by Lucile Quam, is now in Washington, D. C., drawing large crowds by speaking on the subject, "Should Women Appear in Public Accompanied by Their Husbands?" Miss Helen Inch has secured a patent on her electric dishwasher, which is so successful that it has been approved by the "Good Housekeeping Institute."

Monsieur Day Foster has recently opened an exclusive and fashionable gown shop.

A tea was given at the home of Mrs. Harold Arnold, formerly Arleta Forrest, in honor of Mr. Martin Lavell, the late author of "Why Old Maids Never Worry."



CLASS PLAY CAST

LARSON	I GILBAUGH	F BURROWS	R BLUM
J HAWKINS	R GENTRY	C RODNER	M SANDBERG
I BRALY	D HARRIS	T RAZ	B WICKERSTORFER
KARBERG	L PETERS	W HARRINGTON	L HALVORSON
			H ARNOLD



Senior Class Play

The June '26 Class presented their play, "The Magistrate," on Friday and Saturday nights, May 14 and 15, in our auditorium.

In selecting "The Magistrate," the June '26 Class showed a keen appreciation for what is best in comedy, for the reputation of this play is well established. It is standard dramatic literature and is recognized as being typical of modern comedy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

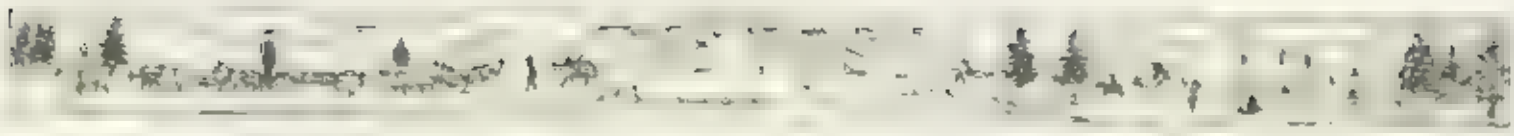
Mr. Aeneas Posket.....	JOSEPH HAWKINS
Mrs. Agatha Posket.....	MILDRED SANDBERG
Colonel Alexander Lukyn.....	JAMES GILBAUGH
Mr. Joshua Bullamy.....	ERNEST BURROWS
Captain Horace Vale.....	DONALD HARRIS
Miss Charlotte Verrinder.....	THELMA RAZ
Master Cis Farrington.....	RICHARD GENTRY
Miss Betty Tomlinson.....	CATHERINE RODUNER
Miss Emma Popham.....	LAVELLE ALEXANDER
Mr. Achille Blond.....	LLOYD HALVORSON
Isidore.....	HOWARD BRALY
Mr. Wornington.....	DONALD KARBERG
Inspector Messiter.....	RONALD BUFORD
Constable Harris.....	HAROLD ARNOLD
Sergeant Lugg.....	BERNARD WOLKERSTORFER
Wyke.....	LYLE PETERS

The entire cast portrayed a great deal of the fine understanding that characterizes all good acting, and under Mr. Harrington's direction reached a high point of perfection. The parts of Joseph Hawkins as The Magistrate, James Gilbaugh as Colonel Lukyn, Mildred Sandberg as Mrs. Posket, Richard Gentry as Cis Farrington, and Catherine Roduner as Betty were exceptionally well interpreted. Indeed, the work of the whole cast was so finished that it seemed "professional" in its understanding of dramatic technique.



PIONEER'S ROLL-CALL

<i>Answer To—</i>	<i>Is Called</i>	<i>Usual Occupation</i>	<i>By-Word</i>	<i>Ambition</i>
GLADYS ACKER	"Happy"	Powdering her nose	"Listen"	An eyebrow marceller.
LAVILLE ALEXANDER	"Oo-la-la"	Chewing gum	"That's the bunk"	To be somebody.
BESSIE ALLEN	"Bess"	Leading gym classes	"Didgever"	Gym teacher
RAYMOND ANDERSON	"Ray"	Slinging slams	"Gee"	Statesman.
HELEN ANDREWS	"Andy"	'Phoning	"Yah'—"	To vamp someone.
OTTO ANUSCHAT	"Boy"	Arguing	"Oh boy"	To be athletic.
EVA ARATA	"Eva"	Falling in love	"Say!"	To fall out.
HAROLD ARNOLD	"Arnie"	Climbing mountains	"Aw gwan"	To climb Mt. Blanc.
ELLA BECK	"Becky"	Going to movies	"All rightie"	Toe dancer.
MAXINE BECKFELL	"Max"	Talking to Rose	"For heaven's sake"	Graduate from O. A. C.
IRENE BOARDMAN	"Irene"	Taking temperatures	"Oh, heck"	To be a nurse
CONSTANCE BORDWELL	"Connie"	Staying put	"Goodness"	To finish school
WILLIAM BORN	"Bill"	Playing solo	"I bid —"	To play a duet.
WALTER BOYD	"Walt"	Making eyes	"Deah me"	To be a Frenchman.
HOWARD BRALY	"How"	Patching up quarrels	"Not so bad"	To be peaceable.
ELDON BRIDGEFARMER	"Bridget"	Being late	"'S a dirty shame"	To be early.
LUCILLE BRUMFELS	"Lucy"	Latin, and more Latin	"Say it again"	To be wicked
RONALD BUFORD	"Ron"	Collecting dues	"Please bring your A"	A financier.
FLORENCE BUMGARDNER	"Bum"	Absent-Sock Committee	"I'm so mad"	A schoolmarm
ERNEST BURROWS	"Ernie"	Subduing Mabel	"Good stuff"	To dance
LOUISE CALLEN	"Louie"	Vamping the profs	"Big thrills!"	Cleopatra II
GERTRUDE CARLSON	"Gert"	Thinking out loud	"Aw"	A page
AGNES CARSON	"Shorty"	Getting Spanish	"Well you!"	To be 6' 2".
PHILIP COGSWELL	"Phil"	Building air castles	"Gitchur ticket!"	Motorcycle cop
EDWARD COLLINS	"Eddie"	Telling jokes	"I'll bite"	Philanthropist.
LLOYD CONGER	"Loter"	Being with Gladys	"Gosh darn"	To get married
RUTH COOK	"Cookie"	Doing nothing	"Good grief"	Side show queen
WILLIAM COX	"Bill"	Kidding the girls	"Zat so"	To win a girl
ARVILLA DAVIS	"Arv"	Getting lessons	"That's the limit"	Tight rope walker
PAUL DENNIS	"PJ"	Being polite	"Listen here"	Pianist
WANDA DOWNS	"Mandy"	Being in earnest	"Where's Irene?"	To be tall
LEOTTA DOUCETTE	"Sweetie"	Studying French	"Not really!"	Actress
LOUISE EAGLETON	"Weese"	Cashiering	"Not now"	Soda-popper.
GERTRUDE FBERTSON	"Dolly"	Trying to get there	"Oh mamma"	Cowgirl
KATHARINE EDWARDS	"Kay"	Combining her hair	"I've got it"	To be a model
RALPH FLEE	"Ralph"	Getting out of things	"By Jimminy"	A toreador
ESTHERLEE FLAMER	"Dearie"	Being absent	"Oh land"	To enjoy life
FLORENCE FISE	"Flo"	Listening hard	"Yes, I did"	To hear it
BESSIE ENNES	"Ikie"	Painting	"Nothin' bothers me"	Somebody's boss
AURILLA FRIHART	"Air"	Working	"Yeh--"	An authoress.
VALDA FUDMAN		Looking just so	"Nothin' do n'"	Art



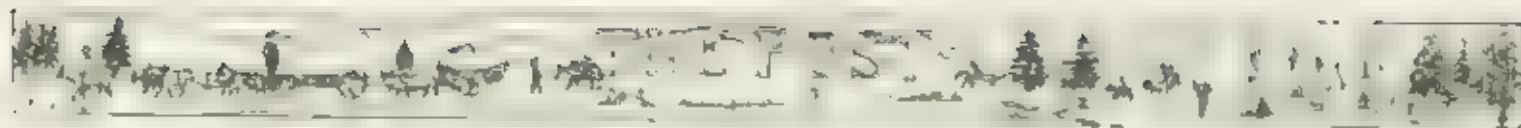
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<i>Answer To—</i>	<i>Is Called</i>	<i>Usual Occupation</i>	<i>By-Word</i>	<i>Ambition</i>
NEIL FLEMING	"Blackie"	Walking straight	"I reckon I will"	Paralist.
ARLETA FORREST	"Art"	Day dreaming	"Wait a minute"	Lightning typist
EILEEN FORS	"Helen"	Smiling	"Oh, please"	American Venus
DAY FOSTER	"Faster"	Shaking hands	"No, Nancy"	Shoe clerk
LAMOE FRANKLIN	"Popsy"	Taking short cuts	"I don't care"	To boss the universe
RICHARD GENTRY	"Dick"	Being "so sweet"	"I'd love—two"	Dancing master.
KENNY GIBSON	"Skinny"	Worrying	"Naturally"	To be all alone
ROBERT GILBREATH	"Bob"	Gabbing	"Hot Dawg"	To be a heck
JAMES GILBAUGH	"Jimmy"	Trying to look wicked	"Ain't girls fools"	A confirmed old bach- elor
JAMES GILLESPIE	"Jummy"	Winking at girls	"Oh Boy"	To get married
STANLEY GLARUM	"Stan"	Loafing	"That's bologna"	To last forever
EVELYN GOODLOP	"Ebby"	Being with James	"Appleauce"	Chinese grand opera.
ALTA GREENLEAF	"Ade"	Looking wise	"Oh for—!"	To be a prima donna.
BESSIE GREENWELL	"Bessie"	Singing	"Oh my"	Marion Tilley II
MARTHA GRIMSON	"Mattie"	Being shy	"Golly-ee"	Chorus girl
CHARLES GROSS	"Charbe"	Traveling	"Oh I forgot"	To travel some more.
GURLI GUSTAFSSON	"Gee —"	cutting gym	"I'll say so"	To educate cannibals
MARION HOLLOWAY	"Marion"	Joking	"Oh, Pshaw!"	Governess.
LLOYD HALVORSON	"Duke"	Being important	"—miere"	Scot and sweet
REBA HANCOCK	"Pete"	Asking questions	"He's so dumb"	Egyptian queen
MILTON HANSON	"Mae"	Chasing players	"C'mon boys"	Aviator
LOREN HARE	"Binny"	Chasing rabbits	"Darn, missed 'em"	To catch one
MARGARET HARPER	"Meg"	Paying attention	"Hurry up"	To please everyone
MARJORIE HARRINGTON	"Marg"	Being with Thelma	"Come on, you"	Movie cashier
DONALD HARRIS	"D —"	Sleeping	"You know"	To possess a mustache
JOSEPH HAWKINS	"Joe"	Swaying audiences	"Ladies and gents"	Pat Henry II
MARTHA HEFNER	" —"	Being happy	"Let's see"	To be tall
MERYLE HENSHAW	" —"	Looking serious	"Leapin' lizards"	Nighty night nurse.
MARTHA HILANDS	"M —"	Winning scholarships	"Goodnight — nurse"	To succeed Mrs. Wilson
PHYLLIS HOGGART	" —"	Reading snappy stories	"Pink Pickles"	A journalist
ELLA HOOD	" —"	Sharpening pencils	" — there"	Hemstitcher
HELEN HORNER	" —"	Hunting Myrtle	"So's your old man"	To reduce
IWA HORTON	" —"	Blushing	"Not me"	A man hater
KENNETH HUDDLE	"M —"	Holding offices	"Oh, fudge"	To be famous
HELEN HUGHES	" —"	Being quiet	"Holy Mackerel"	To make a noise
GRACE HUMES	"H —"	Trying to think	"Gosh no"	A novelist
EARL HUNT	"Mike"	Skiping classes	"When I was —"	To take life easy
EILEEN INCH	"Pat"	Roaming the halls	young "Good lands"	Sorcerer
LELLAH IVIE	" —"	Looking serious	"N'everything"	An aviator
LAWRENCE JACKSON	"Colonel"	Slouching	"Oh — the dickens"	Draftsman
EILEEN JONES	"Toots"	Writing themes	"My akes"	A welfare worker



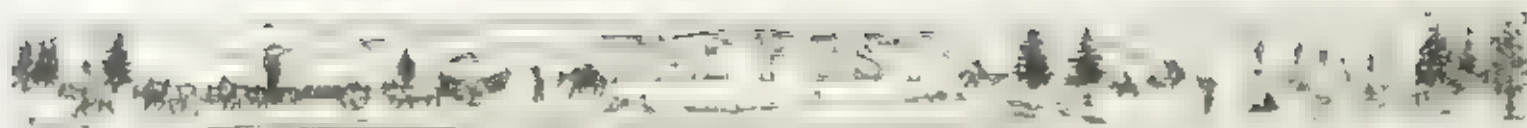
PIONEER'S ROLL-CALL

<i>Answer To—</i>	<i>Is Called</i>	<i>Usual Occupation</i>	<i>By-Word</i>	<i>Ambition</i>
ALICE KAHLIN	"Skeezix"	Hunting Martha	"Well but—"	College prof.
DONALD KARBERG	"Don"	Listening in	"You think so"	To be taller.
WILLIAM KEENAN	"Cupie"	Playing basketball	"Yes, Miss Young"	To be a hero.
IOLA KELLEY	"I"	Artistic labor	"If you only knew"	To be dancer.
THELMA KENNEDY	"Tell"	Being in 33	"So sweet"	Vampire
IRVEN KINCAID	"Kinky"	Getting away with murder	"Oh my gee"	A lady's man.
MARY KOON	"Mary"	Making remarks	"Lands, no"	Beauty culturist.
GRETCHEN LARSON	"Gresham"	Being good natured	"That's a lot of bunk"	Everybody's friend.
MARTIN LAVELL	"Mart"	Making love	"Gee whiz!"	To graduate.
EDWARD LAWS	"Sleepy"	Dozing	"If you say so"	To be useless.
VEHELA LEHMAN	"Vey"	Being useful	"I don't know"	A contortionist.
HAROLD LEWIS	"Harry"	Star gazing	"You don't say"	To see America first.
IOLA LINGLE	"Lo-lo"	Being obliging	"Goody"	A brunette.
MARGARET LOCKH	"Margaret"	Being intellectual	"Heavens"	To learn some more.
IRMA LOCKE	"Mutchie"	Studying	"All right I will"	To travel
KATHERINE LODI	"Kate"	Changing courses	"You mean it"	To swim to China.
EDNA MCLURE	"Su"	Getting lessons	"Good grief"	Kitchen queen.
ALICE MCKENNA	"Allie"	Making goo-goo eyes	"You tell 'em"	To see Paris.
MAXWELL MCKINNEY	"Max"	Being demure	"Oh tears"	To abolish gym.
JOHN MCQUAID	"Dudley"	Making suggestions	"Hello there"	To be an M. D.
LOIS MANNING	"Loey"	Watching the moon	"Oh Bert"	Animal trainer.
VELMA MANNING	"Ve"	Writing notes	"Where's Ze I'm a?"	Circus fat lady.
COLLEEN MELLOWN	"Shorty"	Being funny	"Fried Fish"	Comed
ZELMA MERCHANT	"Ze"	Kiddin' 'em along	"My word"	Pilotess.
HAROLD MERSINGER	"Rosie"	Playing soccer	"Dumbell"	To get an E.
EMMA MILLER	"Em"	Dreaming	"I'm so busy"	To be perfect.
FRANCES MONTGOMERY	"Frankie"	Telling fairy tales	"For crying out loud"	To tell a good one.
WALTER MORROW	"Walt"	Being out	"You're so playful"	To be a vagabond.
HELENE NELSON	"Eenie"	Enjoying life	"You mean me?"	To be prompt.
FRANCIS OLLER	"Fran"	Being funny	"Well, idiot"	A circus clown
ROBERT OTTO	"Bob"	Imitating Pan	"Perhaps"	Band leader.
LYLE PETERS	"Drizzly"	Dancing	"You bet"	To Charleston.
FLORANCE MARY PLUMMER	"Pat"	Being cheerful	"Well——"	June bride.
RENE POLWARTH	"Renie"	Making music	"Hello there"	Sharpshooter.
CATHERINE POPPLETON	"Kittie"	Eating ice cream	"That isn't so"	H-G teacher.
FRED FRAHL	"Freddie"	Gazing at girls	"She's a peach"	To win one.
ELIZABETH PRIDEAUX	"Betsy"	Setting examples	"Oh dear no"	A missionary.
LUCILE QUAM	"Lucy"	Looking innocent	"Really"	A Parisian model.
WILLIAM RAMSDEN	"Bill"	Wasting time	"Oh am I early?"	To grow up.
ROBERT RANKIN	"Bob"	Keeping busy	"Can you feature that?"	To stay busy.
DOROTHEA RATHBUN	"Dot"	Vamping the boys	"Oh dear"	To vamp St. Peter.



PIONEER'S ROLL-CALL

<i>Answer To</i>	<i>Is Called</i>	<i>Usual Occupation</i>	<i>By-Word</i>	<i>Ambition</i>
THELMA RAZ	"Nursie"	Primping	"Oh say kid"	Hysterical heroine.
EVELYN REED	"Eye"	Attracting attention	"Land of Living"	To own a Rolls-Royce
KATHLEEN REIF	"Kathie"	Playing the piano	"Well, why not?"	A sculptotess.
CLARA RENWICK	"Totsy"	Running to school	"Well, let's see"	Somebody's stenog
ELIZABETH REYNOLDS	"Betty"	Dozing in class	"Gosh"	Music teacher.
VALERIE RICE	"Val"	Hiking	"Such juicy weath- er"	To climb a mountain.
BETTY RICHARDS	"Betty"	Talking	"Bless my buttons"	French prof
ALICE RICHEY	"Allie"	Being pensive	"Oh yes"	To see P. W
CATHLRINE RODNER	"Catty"	Captivating hearts	"Well —!"	To capture a husband.
SYLVIA ROLFE	"Silvie"	Bestowing smiles	"Let me see"	To be a dramatist.
DERYL ROYSE	"Curly"	Bossing the Post Staff	"Gosh —"	To quit forever.
MARGUERITE RUSH	"Margie"	Cutting up	"How adorable"	To do the Hula
MILTON RUSSELL	"Milt"	Shining his glasses	"Got any gum?"	A butcher
REX RYAN	"Rezall"	Studying	"Sure"	Detective.
PAUL SAGAR	"Paul"	Golfing	"That's good"	To become learned
MILDRED SANDBERG	"Millie"	Typing	"Hello Honey"	Expert typist.
AMELIA SCHLAPPI	"Melia"	Being lively	"Same to you"	Expert cook
CAROLINE SCHWEITZER	"Lena"	Repeating her words	"Really, I didn't	Love-lorn editor.
DOROTHY SEE	"Dot"	Smiling	" "	To quit blushing.
FRANK SHIMIZU	"Sunny"	Donating carnations	"Hoh"	A Math. prof
KENNETH SMART	"Ken"	Flirting	"You can't tell"	A carpenter.
BETTY SMITH	"Betty"	Playing the Vke	" "	To be clever
ELLEN SMITH	"Ellen"	Being friendly	" "	Snake charmer.
MILICENT SMITH	"Milly"	Helping others	"Buenos dias"	To tour Spain.
MILTON SMITH	"Milt"	Doing speeches	"Oh gosh"	An orator
ROBERT SNEAF	"Sneeze"	Chewing gum	"I don't know"	To be president
ELLA STEPHAN	"L"	Getting out of scrapes	"Ain't it awful"	An old maid
DALE STURMER	"Funny"	Being bank cashier	"Ain"	To be a hobo
LAURA SWART	"Laure"	Pleasing everyone	"For cat's sake"	Bathing beauty.
LURLINE SWETMAN	"Lurl"	Gossiping	"Smile for me"	To fly the coop.
ARTHUR TAKAHASHI	"Art"	Being bashful	"Tain't so"	Popcorn man
LENIE THRAILL	"Lenie"	Curling her hair	"Funny face"	Indicet a million.
DOROTHY TODD	"Dot"	Enjoying Latin	"If you please"	Fatmetette
CARL TOIVEN	"Carl"	Loafing	" "	Chimney sweep
ROSE TSCHOPP	"Rose"	Flirting	" "	To be a brunette
FLORENCE TURNER	"Flo"	Writing letters	" "	Rich widow
ROTHILDA TYKESON	"Roth"	Being jolly	"Can't kid me"	To read "To a Mouse"
MARY VALERICO	"Mary"	Reading	"Gracious"	A modiste
LULU VANDERHOOF	"Lulu"	Enjoying ice cream	"Oh now"	To be loved
GERALD VAN DERVILGT	"Gerald"	Arguing	"I think so and so"	A lawyer
FISIE WAGINI	"Fisie"	Taking dictation	"If you please"	Private Secretary.
RICHARD WALTERS	"Rich"	Grimacing	"Gee Whoz"	Crosboy
INEZ WARD	"Inez"	Working for the Dean	"Yes, I'll do it"	Oriental dancer
DOUGLAS WARREN	"Doug"	Baking doughnuts	"Don't think so"	Angelista.
RUBY WEBB	"Ruby"	Coaching freshmen	"Say"	To be unusual
MILDRED WELLS	"Mild"	Baby sitting	"You'd be sur- prised"	Movie star
MARY WESTLAKE	"Mary"	Fighting things out	"Of course"	Circus performer
GENEVAE WILLIAMS	"Gene"	Looking dignified	"Holy socks"	To be a reformer.
KENNETH WILSON	"Ken"	Keeping his teeth white	"Darned if I know"	Candle stick maker
LAURA WINKELMAN	"Winkie"	Selling confetti	"Is"	To be an expert diver.
MORRIS WOLF	"Morrie"	Looking austere	" "	World wise
LEONARD WOLKOWITZ	"Barney"	Thinking out loud	"Higher'n that"	A great lover
WANDA YEZENSKE	"Ski"	Looking pretty	"Oh heck oh"	To be pretty.
FRANCES YOUNG	"Pete"	Charlestoning	"Gee kid"	A manicurist



Class Will

We, the June Class of 1926 of Franklin High School, having passed all the trials and tribulations of the lower classmen and not wishing to leave Franklin without some token of remembrance, do hereby ordain and establish this document as our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I.

To Franklin High School we leave the hope that she may stand another thousand years continuing the good work she has done in the past.

To Mr. Ball we leave kindly thoughts and sincerest appreciation for a helping hand extended to us in our time of need.

To our faculty adviser, Mrs. Murray, and our honorary member, Mrs. Wilson, we leave our sincere thanks for their honest co-operation.

To the January '27 Class we leave the ambition to rise to the heights which we attained here at Franklin.

To the lower classmen in general, we leave the diligence which has made us seniors.

ARTICLE II.

Personally, the following members hereby bequeath:

Gladys Acker, her collection of friends to Dorothy Rogers.

Lavelle Alexander, her business ability to Dorothy MacLean.

Bessie Allen, her witty remarks to Mr. Rodwell.

Raymond Anderson, his attentive look at the mention of Ray to Ray Earl.

Helen Andrews, her ability to make dates to Mildred Philips.

Otto Anuschat, the mispronunciation of his name to a substitute teacher.

Eve Arata, her knowledge of the correct method of vamping the boys to Janet Weander.

Harold Arnold, his place on the quartette to George Bishop.

Ella Beck, her merry smile to Marian Gilliam.

Maxine Beckett, those wonderful blue eyes to Emma Lang.

Irene Boardman, her close friendship with Miss Aileen Townsend to Florence Corvin.

Constance Bordwell, her sincerity to George Scales.

William Borin, his jovial way of telling jokes to Rollin Call.

Walter Boyd, his resemblance to a collar "ad" to LeRoy Edwards.

Howard Braly, his abundance of "mentholatum" to the next freshie indulging in a swim on New Year's Day.

Eldon Bridgefarmer, his interest in girls of other high schools, to Ray Edwards.

Ronald Buford, his place as "money getter" of the June Class to one of the bank cashiers.

Florence Bumgardner, her demureness and scholarship to Catherine Compton.

Ernest Burrows, his studiousness to Dorothy Hess.

Louise Calleen, her unfailing sweetness to Grace Vath.

Gertrude Carlson, her fiery enthusiasm to Helen Skolil.

Agnes Carson, her immense height to Kermit Lienkemper.

Philip Coatswell, his slow drawling tone to Robert Krumm.

Edward Collins, his monopoly on the Oregonian in the Library to Rollie Swenson.

Lloyd Conger, his close friendship with Gladys Keady to Scotty.

Ruth Cook, her intensive study for the sole purpose of enjoyment to Myrtle Horton.

William Cox, his willingness to display his great "Athletic Ability" to Martin Elle.

Areilla Davis, her dislike for boys to a promising freshman.

Paul Dennis, his tall manly stride to Elaine Henderson.

Wanda Downs, her dignified bearing to Grace Dehuff.

Leotta Doucette, her ability to act nice to Jeannette Cuddy.

Louise Eagleton, her charming personality to Marjorie Montgomery.

Gertrude Ebertson, her pull with the faculty to Joe Manning.

Ralph Elle, his ability, in his own estimation, to beat Tilden at tennis to Walter Ager.

Katherine Edwards, her frequent blushes to Edward Neale.

Estherlee Elmer, her ability to make friends to Donald Lamb.

Florence Else, her quality of playing the game until the end to William Bruce.

Bessie Ennes, her curls to Mr. Enna.

Aurilla Erhart, her avoirdupois to Austin Rolfe.

Valda Feldman, her ever-ready reply to Lucile Rowley.

Neil Fleming, his big rimmed spectacles to Mr. Down.

Arleta Forrest, her gentleness to Clifford Johnston.

Helen Fors, her popularity to Dorothy Knecht.

Lalove Franklin, her executive ability to Margaret White.

Day Foster, his information on the well-dressed man to Dick Lawrence.

Richard Gentry, his ability to be amusing to Alfred Peterson.

Irene Ghilsophy, her interpretation of the modern dances to Roland Renfro.

Robert Gilbreath, his "know-it-all" attitude to Glenn Repp.

James Gilbaugh, his knowledge of the "deadly" women to James Small.

James Gillespie, his "sheikish" attire to Ralph Sears.

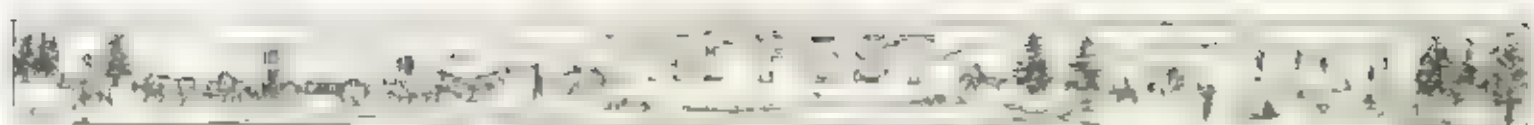
Stanley Glarum, his ability to "tickle the ivories" to Dorothy Elbon.

Evelyn Goodloe, her place in the music department to Wilma Couey.

Alta Greenleaf, her musical talent to an aspiring frosh.

Bessie Greenwell, her personal questions to Betty Kinderman.

Martha Grimson, her list of gentlemen friends to Corrine Thompson.



- Charles Gross, his love of sleep to Rollie Runyard.*
Gurli Gustafsson, her gaiety to some old crab.
Lloyd Halvorson, his "stick-to-it-iveness" to a timid freshie.
Reba Hancock, her liking for surprise parties to Louella Strech.
Milton Hanson, his ability to manage teams to Mr. Meek.
Loren Hare, his desire for praise to Alice Lawson.
Margaret Harper, her unlimited patience to Gretchen Rinehart.
Marjorie Harrington, her teasing ways to Lillian Couchman.
Donald Harris, his "whiskers" to Ralph Richards.
Joseph Hawkins, his international fame as a soap box orator to Eddie Myers.
Martha Hefner, her boundless "pep" to Kathryn Kimsey.
Mervyle Henshaw, her natural marcel to a curling iron advertisement.
Martha Hilands, her good common sense to someone who needs it.
Phyllis Hoggatt, her talkativeness to Ralph Hawkins.
Marion Holloway, her friendly attitude to Ruby Harvey.
Ella Hood, her soft voice to some loud-voiced "critter."
Helen Horner, her ability to fool the teachers to Fred Cartoxian.
Iva Horton, her interest in her freshman brother to Hope Perry.
Kenneth Hudle, his collection of "tin awards" to the trophy case.
Helen Hughes, her "fleet-footedness" to Merrell Sisson.
Grace Humes, her humor to Ethel Rasmussen.
Earl Hunt, his artistic creations to F. H. S.
Helen Inch, her "green sox" to the Irish in Franklin.
Lellah Ivie, her red dress to be used as a costume in the next opera.
Lawrence Jackson, his membership in the triumvirate to Reid Allen.
Ellen Jones, her extreme loyalty to Franklin to be divided among the first termers.
Alice Kahlin, her height to Isaac Isaacs.
Donald Karberg, his original excuses to Bill McCarter.
William Keenan, his basketball career to Walden Boyle.
Iola Kelley, her membership in the "Highbrows" to Fern McChesney.
Thelma Kennedy, her interest in the basketball games to an uninterested freshman.
Erven Kincaid, his place as the model man to Bill Sattler.
Mary Koon, her foolish questions to Tom Badley.
Gretchen Larson, her cheerful "hello" to Fred Sears.
Martin Lavell, his place as shining star in H8 to a H7 student.
Edward Laws, his hair tonic to Robert Deaver.
Lehela Lehman, her knowledge of getting "ads" to the next solicitor.
Harold Lewis, his ability to get there finally in fourteen terms to Morris Little.
Lola Lingle, her desire for pretty flowers to Leah Inch.
Margaret Loch, some of that uncommon quality, common sense, to the freshman class.
Irma Locke, her ability to get through in seven terms to Evelyn Shanes.
Lois Manning, her "cunning ways" to Marian Down.
Velma Manning, her persistent writing of notes to Marion Clever.
Edna McClure, her conscientiousness to Jack Hutcheon.



Alice McKenna, her willingness to kill time to some person carrying six solids.

Maxwell McKinney, his yellow slicker to Martha Mahon.

John McQuaid, his book "How to Tie a Bow Tie" to Arthur Gillard.

Colleen Mellown, her whistle to Mrs. Burke.

Zelma Merchant, her devotion to Franklin to the sophomores.

Harold Mersinger, his interpretation of "Charleston" to Gerald Mc Fadden.

Emma Miller, her ability to receive praise without becoming conceited to Delmar Mitchelson.

Virgil Miller, his benevolence to Margaret Cowing.

Frances Montgomery, her pretty hair to Hazel Rush.

Walter Morrow, his cheerfulness to all Franklinites.

Eilene Nelson, her obliging manner to Cecil Rogers.

Francis Oller, his ability as a court jester to James Barnard.

Robert Otto, his fife to the next Student Body President.

Lyle Peters, his "knickers" to "His Nibs."

Florencemary Plummer, her goloshes to the Fire Department.

Rene Polwarth, her temper to Owen Carr.

Catherine Poppleton, her persuasiveness to Sinclair Hammond.

Fred Prael, his loud sweater to the yell leader.

Elizabeth Prideaux, her school girl complexion to Palmolive Co.

Lucile Quam, her charming smile to Mabel Burrows.

William Ramsdem, his all-around ability to Bob Houck.

Robert Rankin, his wavy hair to Mr. Walsh.

Dorothea Rathbun, her supply of rings to Eunice Northup.

Thelma Raz, her dramatic ability to Pauline Dillon.

Evelyn Reed, her capability to some one less efficient.

Clara Renwick, her place as School Daze typist to Ella Martin.

Elizabeth Prideaux, her school girl complexion to Palmolive Co.

Lucile Quam, her charming smile to Mabel Burrows.

Betty Richards, her position in the Dean's office to Harriet Klumpp.

Alice Richey, her attractiveness to Kathryn Lynch.

Catherine Roduner, her popularity in Franklin to Mary Behanna.

Sylvia Rolfe, her reading ability to Kenneth Ames.

Deryl Royse, his ability to make people work to Dezzy Anderson.

Marguerite Rush, her immunity from cupid's darts to Don Baird.

Milton Russell, his Yankee drawl to George O'Brien.

Rex Ryan, his industry to the juniors.

Paul Sagar, his school girl complexion to Wesley Calkins.

Mildred Sandberg, her vamping ways to Esther Hart.

Amelia Schlappi, her desire of being a school leader to Dorothy Mettler.

Caroline Schweitzer, her friendship with George Leech to her sister.

Dorothy See, her dimples to anyone who needs them.

Frank Shimizu, his goodly supply of carnations to Janet Perry.

Kenneth Smart, his willingness to contradict the teachers to Mike Lang.

Betty Smith, her "uke" and songs to Katherine Stevens.

Ellen Smith, her inability to recite when called upon to Harold Bondeson.

Millicent Smith, her aristocratic air to Daisy Farrah.

Milton Smith, his "sheikish" hair cut to Eulaine Cox.
Robert Sneve, his pretty blushes to Valera Guerrettaz.
Ella Stephan, her flirtations with George Greenland to Charlotte Fors.
Dale Sturmer, his bashfulness to Glenn Rogers.
Laura Svart, her slang phrases to Ruth Ross.
Lurline Sweetman, her candor to Verne Miller.
Arthur Takahashi, his yarns on "The Big Fish That Got Away" to George Currie.
Lexie Thrall, her athletic form to Ruth Johnson.
Dorothy Todd, her place in Franklin to Vivien Hammond.
Carl Toiven, his popularity with the fair sex to David Steel.
Rose Tschopp, her willingness to change dates to Donna Simcox.
Florence Turner, her colorful blushes to Ruth Parker.
Botilda Tykeson, her country drawl to Harry Schenk.
Mary Valerico, her studiousness to Frances Gill.
Lulu Vanderhoof, her sympathy for stray dogs to the janitor.
Gerald Van Derlugt, his peroxide dye to some brunette.
Elsie Wagini, her insistent forgetfulness on special occasions to Beatrice Pennington.
Richard Walters, his "silly laugh" to Clifford Reed.
Inez Ward, her attractive simplicity to some freshie flapper.
Douglas Warren, his careless attitude toward studies to Melvin Williams.
Ruby Webb, her unfailing courtesy to Grace Bonawitz.
Mildred Wells, her fair complexion to George Mc Farland.
Mary Westlake, her cheerful adieu to some old "grouch."
Genevieve Williams, her crowning glory to Mr. White.
Kenneth Wilson, his knowledge on ways and means of "skipping" to Jimmie O'Connell.
Laura Winkelman, her "gift of gab" to Merton Gillis.
Morris Wolf, his eye to business to Lucille Springer.
Bernard Wolkerstorfer, his mathematical instinct to Mr. Dillon.
Wanda Yezerski, her faculty to "boss" to Catharine Prideaux.
Frances Young, her knack of making friends to Frances Parshall.

Administrators,—

JULIUS CAESAR (Joseph Hawkins).

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE (Lyle Peters).



ORGANIZATIONS



DESMOND ANDERSON KENNETH HUDDLE ELAINE HENDERSON WILLIAM COX
 EDWARD MYERS HOPE PERRY ROBERT DEHUFF

Student Body

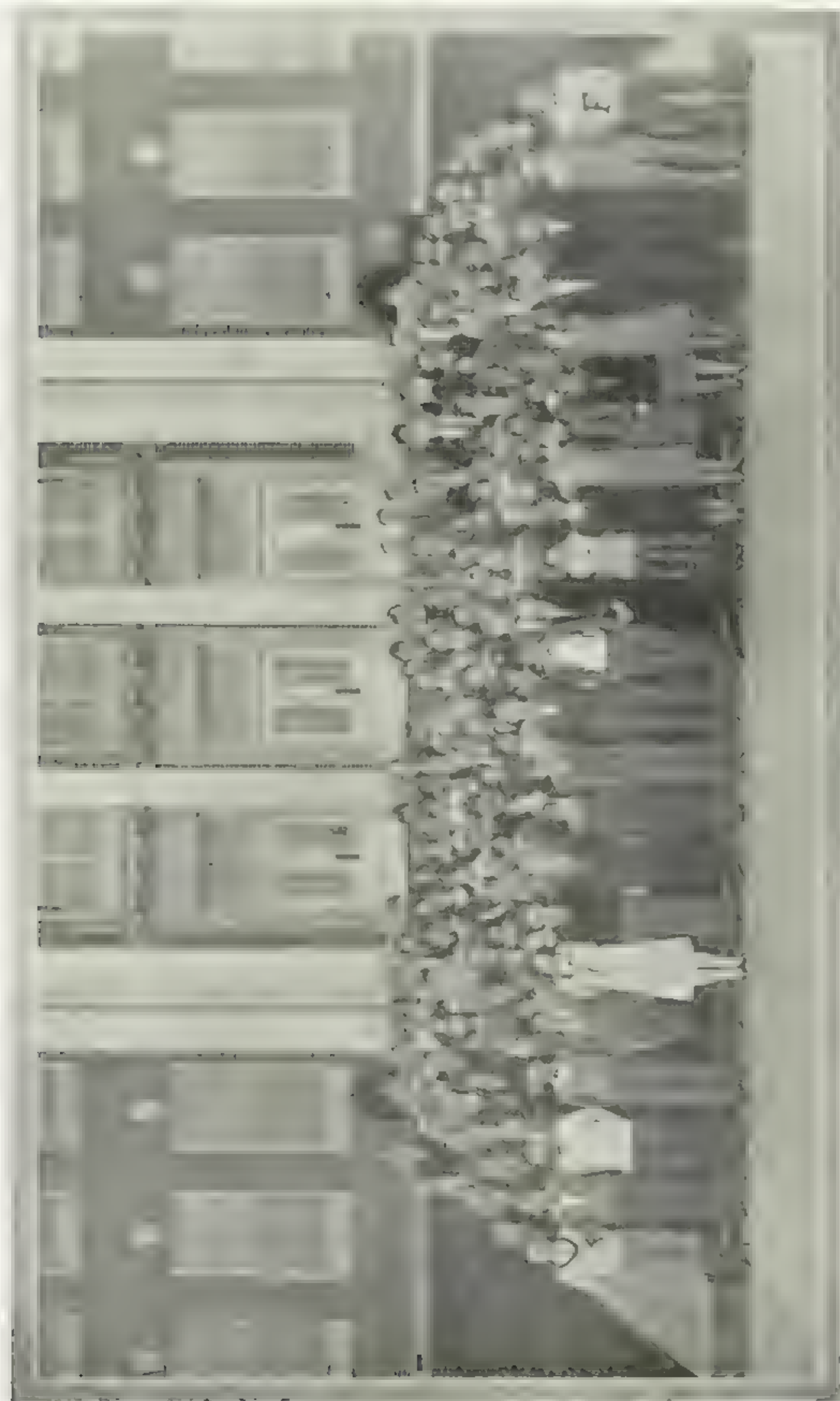
<i>President</i>	DESMOND ANDERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	KENNETH HUDDLE
<i>Secretary</i>	ELAINE HENDERSON
<i>Advisory Committee</i>	HOPE PERRY, ROBERT DEHUFF
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	EDWARD MYERS
<i>Fire Chief</i>	WILLIAM COX

The Student Body strives to give every pupil, from freshman to senior, an opportunity to participate in school activities.

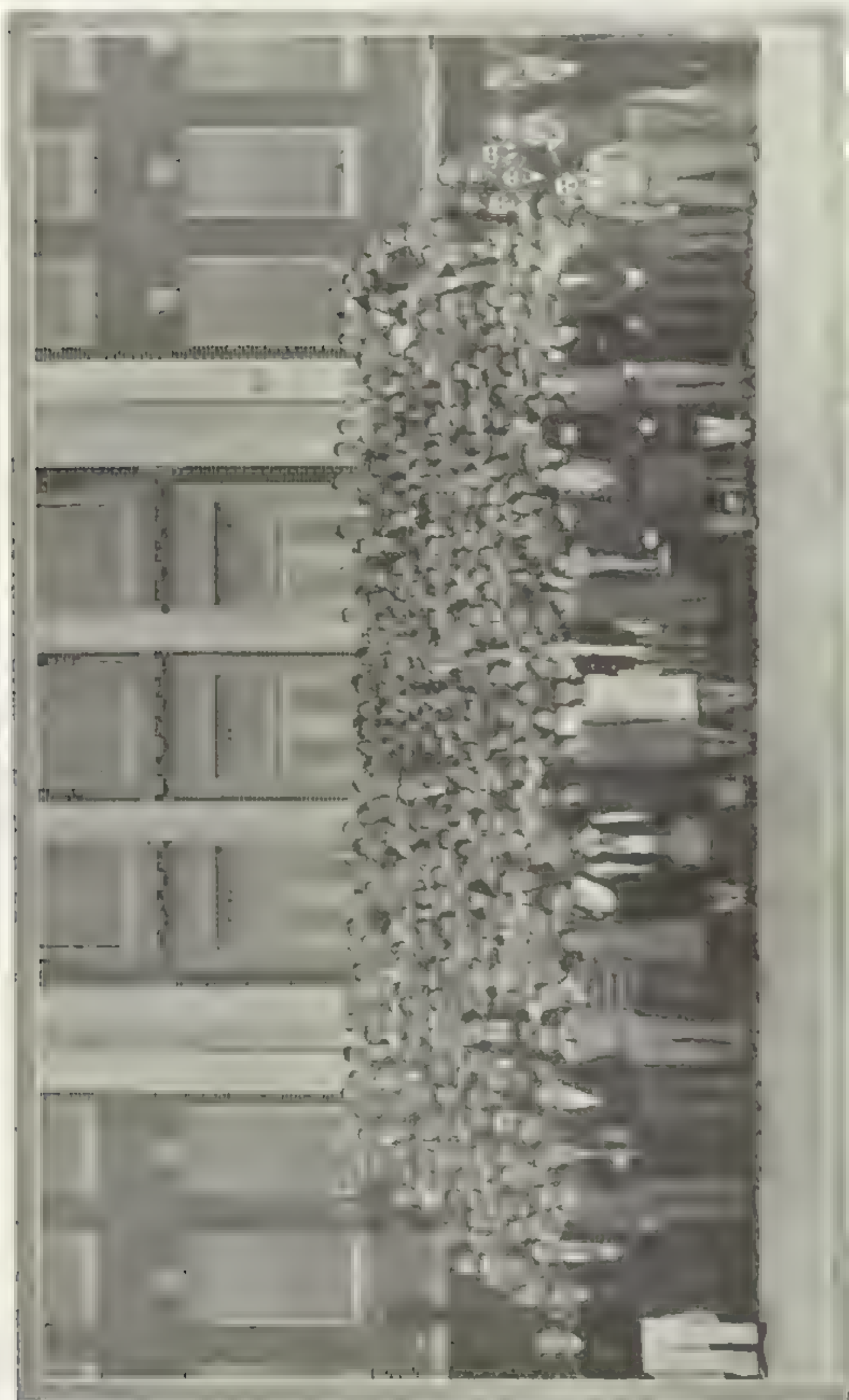
It operates mainly through the Representative Council. This Council is composed of a president and a secretary-treasurer elected from each of the forty-six registration rooms, and meets every Tuesday in Room 35.

This term, in May, there will be an Open House and May Festival. Sometime in the spring the annual track meet will be held.

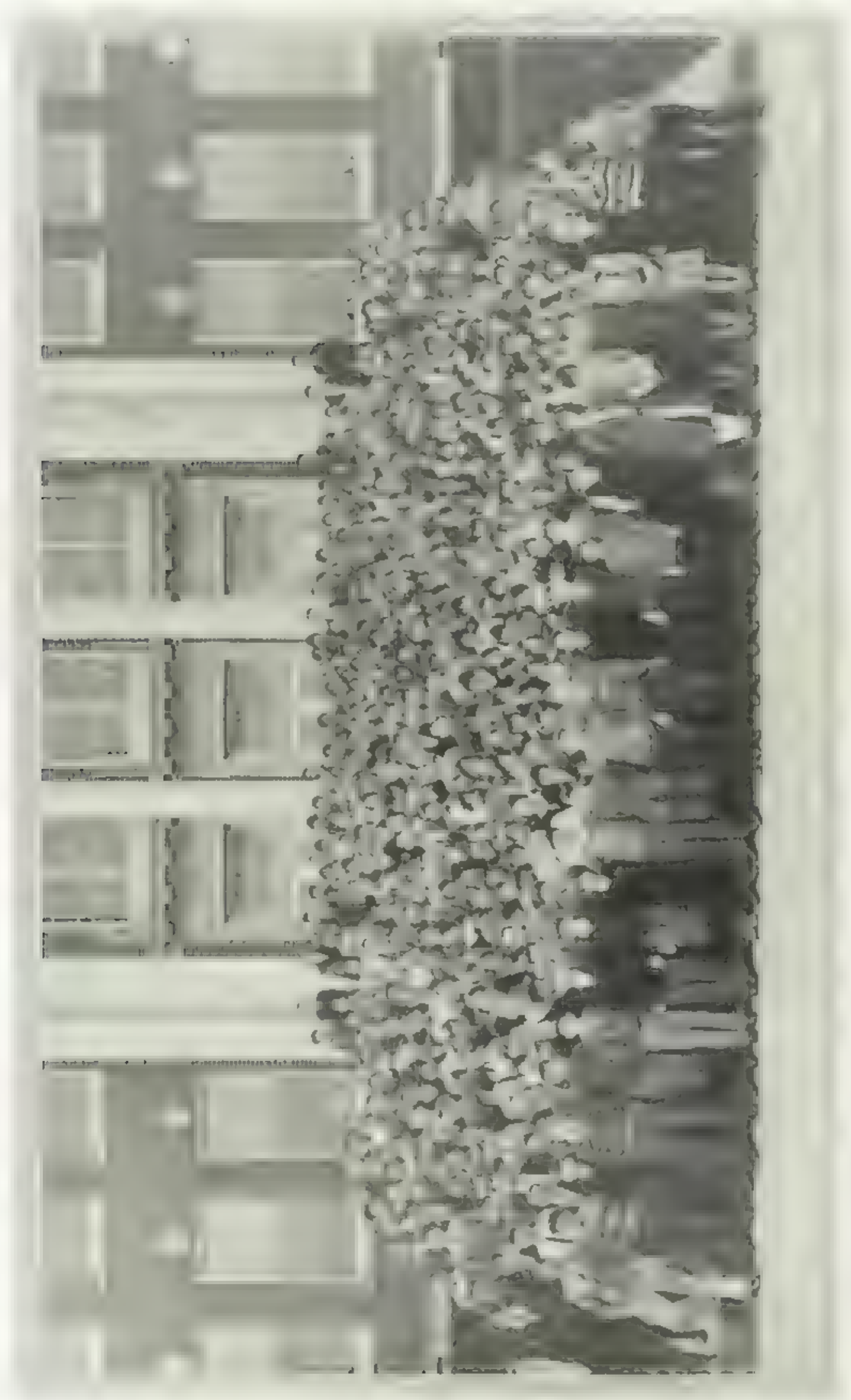
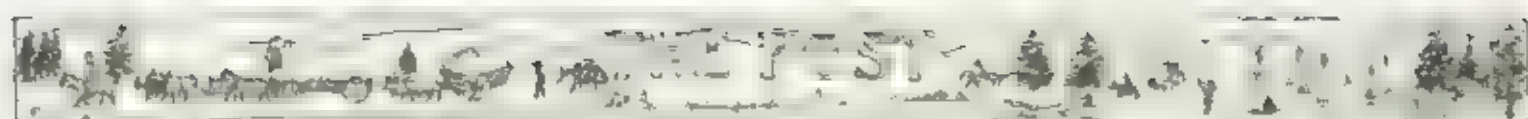
The Council is also sponsoring a course of instruction in courtesy. Furthermore, a special effort has been made to have a 100 per cent Student Body membership.



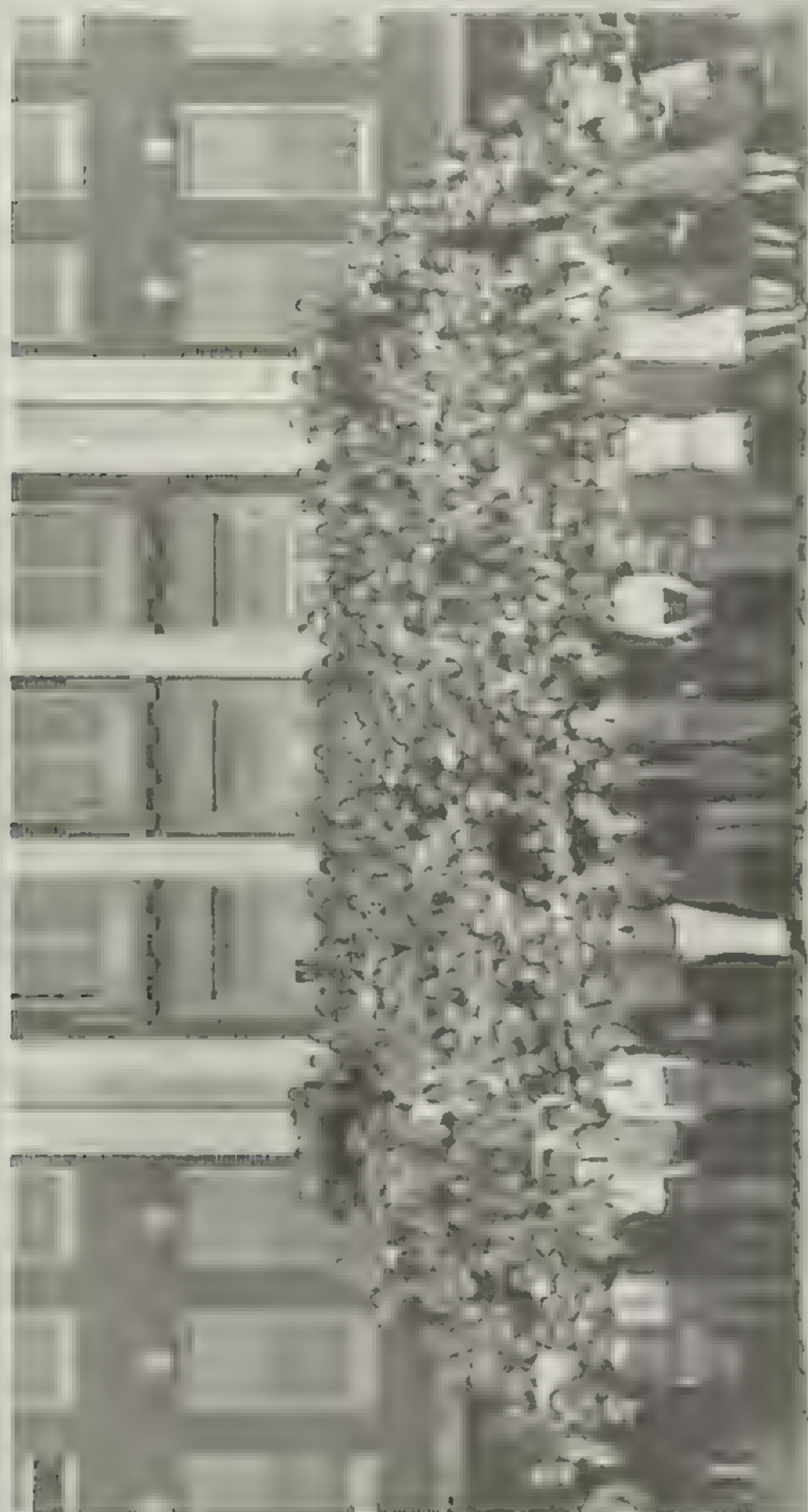
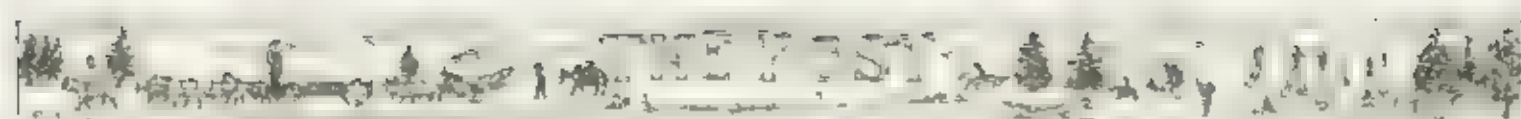
JAN. 1894



JUNIORS



SOPHOMORES



CRESTVIEW



TRIV



Tri - Y

<i>President</i>ISABELL MURRAY
<i>Vice President</i>	KATHERINE EDWARDS
<i>Secretary</i>GRACE VATH
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELAINE HENDERSON
<i>Editor</i>	KATHERINE STEVENS

Tri-Y, one of the oldest organizations in school, is a live-wire club. It has for its purpose "to face life squarely and to find and give the best."

The meetings, held every other Thursday at the Y. W. C. A. club-rooms, together with the Cabinet meetings, held at school every alternate Thursday, constitute the foundation for a moving organization.

The informal initiation held at Rock Creek Camp is always a lively affair. The formal initiation, which follows, is a beautiful ceremony and means much in the life of every Tri-Y member; not only because of its beauty but also because of its significance as Recognition Day—the day on which all pledges become full-fledged Tri-Y members.

The Ring is the highest honor a Tri-Y girl can receive. It stands for high character and principles of living.

The Tri-Y committees consist of Membership, Social Service, Ring, Social Program, and Music Functions. Much that is beneficial and entertaining comes as a result.

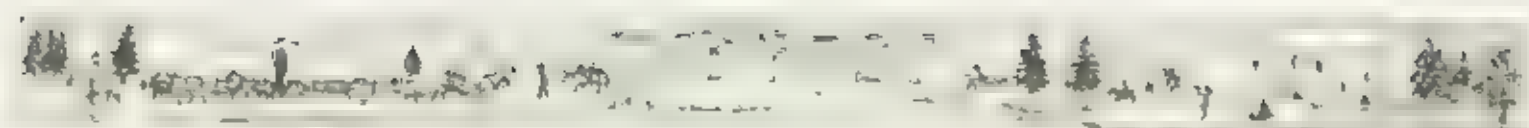
The annual banquet, held in May and attended by Tri-Y members from all over the state, is a time for friendly competition among the girls, as prizes are offered for the best table and most original programs.

The Mid-winter Conferences are always attended by Franklin representatives. This year it was held at Astoria on March 12, 13, and 14.

With ever-growing purpose, the Tri-Y is entering upon what will be a successful year under the able guidance of our faculty advisers, Miss Reeves and Miss Howard.



REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL



Representative Council

<i>President</i>	DESMOND ANDERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	KENNETH HUDDIE
<i>Secretary</i>	ELAINE HENDERSON
<i>Advisory Committee</i>	HOPE PERRY, ROBERT DEHUFF
<i>Fire Chief</i>	WILLIAM COX
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	.. EDWARD MYERS

The Franklin High School Representative Council is the real governing body of Franklin. Each registration room is directly represented by a president and secretary-treasurer who report to their respective rooms all that goes on at the meetings, and bring before the Council all ideas and suggestions offered by the students. Thus everyone is brought into close contact with the Student Body government.

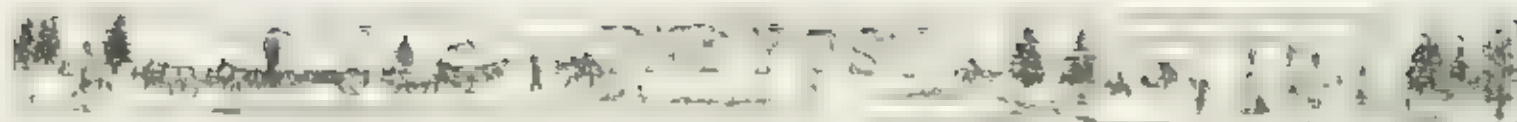
The Council meets once a week to discuss the various problems with which the Student Body government deals, and to consider the miscellaneous questions concerning the school in general.

During the short time of its existence, the Representative Council has been very active, accomplishing much work for the betterment of the school and the making of a greater Franklin. Its great success, however, is only in keeping with the progressive spirit shown by the entire Student Body administration of the past year.

Some of the outstanding events which it has established as traditional precedents for the future are the annual "Home Coming" held just before the Christmas holidays, a reception and entertainment for Franklin Alumni, and the combined Open House and May Day Festival featuring an exhibition of the school work in the different departments showing our accomplishments along educational lines. An interesting festival is held on the campus in connection with May Day.



ORDER OF THE F



Order of the F

<i>President</i>	CHARLES BOCKMAN
<i>Vice-President.....</i>	TOM BADLEY
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	WILLIAM COX
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.....</i>	VERNE MILLER
<i>Editor.....</i>	KENNETH HUDDLE
<i>Adviser.....</i>	MR. MEEK

The Order of the F came into existence this term. Its purpose, as stated in the constitution, "shall be to promote more centralized interest among the boys of Franklin High School, to raise the standard of character and scholarship among the students and to back up all athletics fostered by Franklin High School."

The main object of this club is the cooperation and development of a better feeling between lettermen, thus building up a stronger good will toward our school in general public opinion. Men who will earn their first letters this term will be interested in the matter of joining the club and an invitation is extended to the prospective members by the membership committee after any boy has filled the requirements for a letter.

The permanency of the organization will depend on the attitude of the members. If the members and prospective members will only throw aside their trivial differences and work together, especially for the improvement of Franklin's athletic welfare, the Order of the F may accomplish its purpose. Furthermore, an organization of this character in order to become a permanent success, must have not only the cooperation of the members, but also that of the student body.

Freshmen are urged to come out for athletics in their first year, as this gives them a chance to train and have the coach's methods well in mind by the time they are fit for the team. As an example, Franklin had on its basketball team this year a man who worked four years to make the grade. In other words, a boy who came out when he was a Freshman has the edge on the rest of the raw material.

A club such as the Order of the F can best accomplish its work by an efficient committee system. Accordingly, nine major committees are appointed by the chair to transact the business of the organization. The executive committee of the club is composed of the officers and the captains of the four major sports. A judiciary committee is also provided for the purpose of punishing any member for action unbecoming to the school. One of the biggest problems facing a coach is that of athletic equipment, and the manager of the sport is a member of the club, and chairman of the property committee.

The Order of the F has already accomplished some well planned affairs. The Senior-Faculty basketball game, which was a huge success, was put over by the efforts of the club. The matinee dance which was given in March for the benefit of the Athletic Fund, also proved a success. Plans for another dance later in the term are under way.



THE FORUM



The Forum

<i>President.....</i>	ARTHUR ROLANDER
<i>Vice-President.....</i>	DONALD HARRIS
<i>Secretary.....</i>	GRACE BONAWITZ
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.....</i>	MORRIS LITTLE
<i>Editor...</i>	BEATRICE PENNINGTON

The Forum this semester is composed of all English 7 classes, totaling about 130 ex-officio members. A good majority of these are active members. It is organized to practice public speaking, debating, and parliamentary law. Interesting and instructive programs are planned for the meetings which are held on the first and third Thursdays of every month. The program committee arranges for readings, talks, debates, skits, and sometimes lectures from outside speakers. The ways and means committee is also active, and the social committee has arranged for several parties.

A stunt has been planned for the Follies, for the Forum tries to work for anything that will benefit Franklin, as well as its own members.



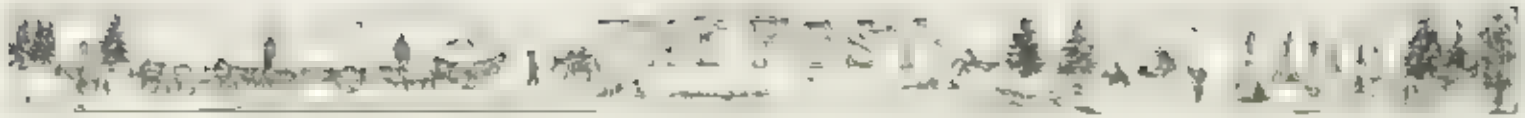
Student Council

<i>President.....</i>	DESMOND ANDERSON
<i>Vice-President.....</i>	JOHN McQUAID
<i>Secretary.....</i>	MARTHA MAHON
<i>Treasurer.....</i>	CARL TOIVONEN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms... ..</i>	KENNETH HUDDLE
<i>Advisers... ..</i>	MISS REEVES, MISS DREW

The Student Council of Franklin High School has been organized since September, 1925. Its object is to protect the school property and insure that its benefits may be enjoyed by all students.

The organization consists of the presidents of all clubs that have functioned actively for at least one year previous and that have been sanctioned by the advisers. Two members are also chosen from the Student Body.

Persons having in their possession stolen property are brought before the Council. They are given a trial and, if guilty, are penalized according to the offense committed. During the last term fifteen cases were tried, in which students were found guilty of stealing athletic equipment, library books, and of marring desks.



The Hi - Y Club

<i>President</i>	DESMOND ANDERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	MILTON HANSON
<i>Secretary</i>	SHELDON ALLEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	VERNE MILLER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	CHARLES BOCKMAN
<i>Editor</i>	ROBERT RANKIN

The Hi-Y Club, one of Franklin's oldest and best known clubs, functions principally through its four standing committees in which nearly all members participate.

The Athletic committee tries to get the proper support from the Student Body for the various teams, and aids the cause of Franklin's athletics in general.

The Scholarship committee endeavors to keep the grades of the members up to the required standards.

The General Service committee helps in keeping the Franklin buildings and campus in good order.

The Activity committee, a recent addition, manages all events of the club such as the Hi-Y dance or the Hi-Y party.

The high spots of Hi-Y activity are the Country Fair, held each fall, the Hi-Y dance, and the State Convention held at Seaside in March.



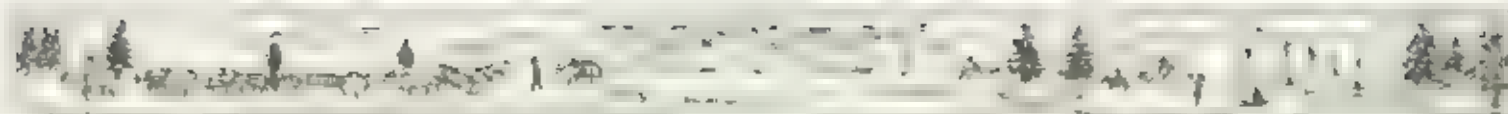
Illuminati

<i>President</i>	ROBERT DEHUFF
<i>Vice-President</i>	EDWARD MYERS
<i>Secretary</i>	DONALD LAMB
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOSEPH HAWKINS
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	NEIL PAIRAN
<i>Editor</i>	ERVEN KINCAID

The Illuminati is faithfully striving for its two-fold purpose of promoting social and intellectual welfare among its members, and of creating and maintaining a spirit of friendliness and good fellowship in the club, in the school, and among all with whom the members come in contact.

At the beginning of this term, a new standing committee was appointed which has acted when it thought necessary in the cleaning up of Franklin's campus and buildings, and has called the attention of the club to ways in which it could serve Franklin.

In the future, the Illuminati expects not only to pursue its present policy, but to add other activities. More particularly, it is planning to work on the different phases of school activity, and to foster the motto: "Cooperation—Not Competition."



Commerce Club

<i>President</i>	CARL TOIVEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN FORS
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANCES YOUNG
<i>Treasurer</i>	ROBERT KRUMM
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	KENNETH AMES
<i>Editor</i>	GRACE BONAWITZ
<i>Honorary Adviser</i>	MR. WHITE
<i>Adviser</i>	MISS MAULE

Since its reorganization last fall, the Commercial Club is limited to 25 members. It has proved itself a great help to the commercial department. It has bought a dictaphone for students who are taking office work and has purchased a phonograph for use in the typing classes.

The club's concession in the Country Fair was awarded second prize. A barn dance, given on March 5 in the school gymnasium, was an enjoyable affair.

The Book Exchange, managed each term, made a record in the number of books handled which surpassed by far any made in previous years.



The Quill Club

<i>President</i>	LUCILE ROWLEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	GRETCHEN RINEHART
<i>Secretary</i>	FAYE CORNUTT
<i>Treasurer</i>	GRACE DEHUFF
<i>Editor</i>	HELEN INCH
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	MARTHA MAHON
<i>Adviser</i>	MISS MONROE

The Quill Club was organized last semester for the purpose of stimulating the literary activities of the school. The personnel of the club is active both on School Daze and on Post staffs. The programs, held every two weeks, consist of original literary productions and discussions of late authors and their writings. At present the club is planning to increase its ranks by admitting all whose writing ability entitles them to membership.



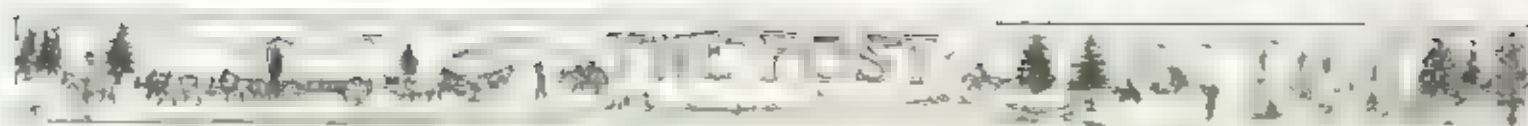
Scholarship Club

<i>President</i>	SINCLAIR HAMMOND
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH PRIDEAUX
<i>Secretary</i>	FAYE CORNUTT
<i>Treasurer</i>	ROBERT MCGILVRA
<i>Editor</i>	RUTH SMITH

The Scholarship Club is endeavoring to make this term the most successful one it has ever had. All who are eligible for membership must have a Scholarship pin awarded by the Student Body for a term average of "E" in four solid subjects, and not less than "G" in a fifth.

At the monthly meetings reports are made by the chairmen of the different committees, and humorous and instructive entertainments are given. One of the chief duties of the club is making arrangements for the awarding of the Scholarship pins. Several parties have been planned for the semester.

Earn a Scholarship pin and join our enthusiastic group.



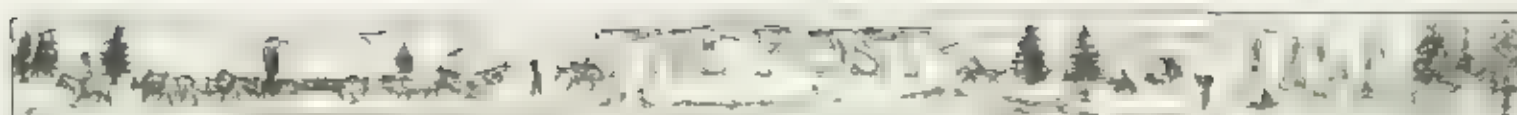
The Cecropians

<i>President.....</i>	MARTHA HILANDS
<i>Vice-President.....</i>	LALOVE FRANKLIN
<i>Secretary</i>	MARTHA MAHON
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGUERITTE HOLLINGWORTH
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.....</i>	HARRIET KLUMPP

During the last week of each term the Cecropians, in groups of two, go to the grammar schools for a conference with the girls of the graduating class. Then they greet these girls when they come to Franklin and immediately start molding them into Franklin citizens.

This term 30 freshman girls are their little sisters, the rest being looked after by Mrs. Wilson's sociology classes. Each member must see her little sister or sisters at least twice a week and at the regular meetings, every two weeks, give a definite report concerning them.

During the term the Cecropians have several social functions for their little sisters to help stir up enthusiasm and to form friendly acquaintances among the freshman girls.



Tennis Club

<i>President</i>	ROLLIN RUNYARD
<i>Vice-President</i>	GRACE VATH
<i>Secretary</i>	FLORENCE BEALL
<i>Treasurer</i>	PAUL SAGAR
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	LEE HOLCOMB
<i>Adviser</i>	MISS CHURCHILL

The Tennis Club is rapidly becoming one of the most active clubs in Franklin. Membership is limited to those who are really interested in the sport.

As yet the club has only a few select players, but before the end of the term it should have many more. It holds a spring tournament and sends the six winners to the interscholastic tournament at Multnomah Field every spring. This year it hopes to make Franklin's team a winning one.



School Daze

<i>Editor</i>	KENNETH HUDDLE
<i>Associate Editor</i>	FRANCES GILL
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<i>Sports</i>	PHILIP COGSWELL
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The School Daze is published weekly under the supervision of the History and English departments.



Camera Club

<i>President</i>	TOM BENHAM
<i>Vice-President</i>	HOPE PERRY
<i>Secretary</i>	MARTHA MAHON
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH ROSS
<i>Editor</i>	CORINNE THOMPSON
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	WALTER AGER

The Camera Club has this term sponsored a snapshot week in co-operation with the Snap Editor of the Post, and it intends to give its support to future Post staffs. It has also gone on hikes and has given parties for the pledges.

The club will build a dark-room in the future to further the interest in photography.

For the purpose of increasing the organization's accomplishments, new members are being added.



The Girl Gym Leaders' Club

<i>President</i>	BESSIE ALLEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	LILLIAN EATCHEL
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	MARIAN STEVENS
<i>Editor</i>	JANET WATTS
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	DOROTHY MACLEAN

The Girl Gym Leaders' Club, organized last term for the purpose of obtaining better cooperation and creating greater athletic activity among the girls, has enjoyed a very successful term.

The club is composed of 30 girls who meet every Monday during the study period. At that time apparatus exhibition drills, and exercises obtained by the leaders from Professor Krohn's classes are practiced.

Several swimming and skating parties have been given and have proved a source of fun for all.

The annual exhibition, held April 9, was a huge success, due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Burke and Mr. Carr.



Fire Squad

Fire Chief ..

..WILLIAM COX

Assistant Chief..... EDWARD MYERS

The reorganized Fire Squad has greatly improved Franklin's fire drills. It numbers 19 members, picked by the fire chief, who is elected by the student body.

At the sound of the alarm, the boys go to the sections of the building to which they are assigned and see that everyone is out of the building, and that the hoses are properly manned.

It now takes less than one minute and thirty seconds for all the students to get out of the building, whereas formerly it often took three minutes.

The personnel of the squad is: Bill Cox, Edward Myers, Jack Hutchison, Ray Bristow, James Gilbaugh, Kenneth Ames, Fred Currie, Verne Miller, Robert Dehuff, Arthur Gillard, Harold Arnold, Gerald Van Dervlugt, Carl Toiven, Kenneth Huddle, Milton Hanson, Kenneth East, Donald Baird, Neil Pairan and William Keenan.



AMIE YOUNG
Freshman Adviser

LALOVE FRANKLIN
Senior President

MARIE CHURCHILL
Senior Adviser

MARGARET WHITE
Freshman President

ELLA E. WILSON
General Adviser

LOUISE BROWN
Junior President

RUTH SMITH
Sophomore President

JENNIE HUGGINS
Sophomore Adviser

LENORE SINKS
Junior Adviser



The Girls' League

The Girls' League of Franklin High School is an organization extending its membership, its work, and its pleasures to every girl who strives to uphold these four ideals—namely: Character, Scholarship, Leadership, and Service. In serving the school, the league supports all activities and takes care of the daily absentees for the registration rooms. The library is also decorated by Girls' League members. A scholarship fund, enabling one girl each year to obtain a start in college, is maintained. Philanthropic work of every character is carried on under the advice of charity boards.

Franklin's annual "April Follies" is sponsored by the league, the proceeds of which are used for philanthropic work or some gift to the school. Twice a year a silver loving cup is presented to a league girl standing pre-eminent in its ideals.

An important event of each term is the beautiful and impressive ceremony of the league initiation.

The officers for this term are:

SENIOR

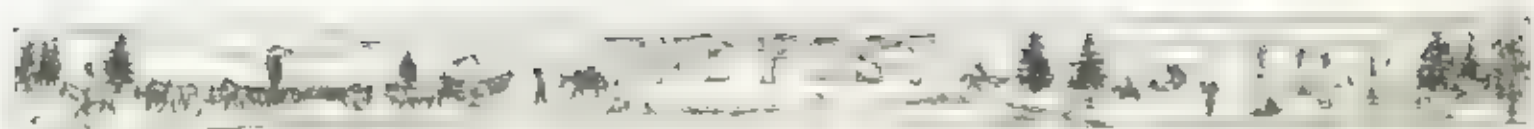
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	Miss Churchill	<i>Secretary</i>	Zelma Merchant
<i>President</i>	Lalove Franklin	<i>Treasurer</i>	Martha Hilands
<i>Vice-President</i>	Martha Mahon	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Elaine Henderson
<i>Recorder</i>	Esther Hart		

SENIOR COMMITTEE HEADS

<i>Entertainment</i>	Esther Hart	<i>Publicity</i>	Betty Smith
<i>Finance</i>	Alice Kahlin	<i>Social Service</i>	Constance Bordwell
<i>Absent and Sick</i>	Florence Bumgardner		

JUNIOR

<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	Miss Sinks	<i>Secretary</i> ..	Margueritte Hollingworth
<i>President</i>	Louise Brown	<i>Treasurer</i>	Margaret Ghormley
<i>Vice-President</i>	Charlotte Fors	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Katherine Stevens



JUNIOR COMMITTEE HEADS

Entertainment Katherine Stevens *Publicity*..... Josephine Crutchfield
Finance..... Helen Black *Social Service*..... Lucile Rowley
Absent and Sick..... Evelyn Shaner

SOPHOMORE

Faculty Adviser..... Miss Huggins *Secretary*..... Elizabeth Kelly
President..... Ruth Smith *Treasurer*..... Catherine Ehmsen
Vice-President . Margaret Metcalf *Sergeant-at-Arms*..... Genivive Freed

SOPHOMORE COMMITTEE HEADS

Entertainment..... Ruby Harvey *Publicity*..... Catherine Ehmsen
Finance Margaret Metcalf *Social Service*..... Elizabeth Kelly
Absent and Sick Mary Shultz

FRESHMAN

Faculty Adviser . Miss Amie Young *Secretary*..... Myrtle Gates
President..... Margaret White *Treasurer*..... Edith Kallander
Vice-President..... Emma Ehmsen *Sergeant-at-Arms*..... Wilma Fague

FRESHMAN COMMITTEE HEADS

Entertainment..... Marian Smith *Publicity*..... Kathryn Kimsey
Finance..... Emma Ehmsen *Social Service*..... Isabel Errington
Absent and Sick Norene Welch.....

Mrs. Wilson is the worthy adviser of the entire league.

LITERATURE





The Spirit of the Pioneer

By LOUELLA STRECH

"Crossed the desert as of old
Their fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free."

—WHITTIER

DAUNTLESS courage, unflinching faith in the Supreme Being, and desire of freedom in its entirety; such was the spirit of the pioneer.

The determination to do and dare was that with which he conquered his hardships; with his self-will and mental strength he overcame his difficulties. Far from the glamour of worldly things he struggled with his few but brave companions to fulfill his desires, to attain his ideals. But above all, it was his confidence in himself with which he triumphed, with which he shaped his life.

We are pioneers: pioneers in Life. How are we going to attain our ideals, overcome our hardships and difficulties, and finally launch our ship in the great, wide sea of Success? Will we lose faith before we realize our ambitions, will we thoughtlessly let ourselves drift down-stream, or will we battle against the raging torrent and come out triumphant? Let us follow the example of our forefathers, for by the experience of others do we profit. Let us make our ideals lofty; then work toward them, hesitating not a moment till we attain them. For, after a while we shall surely find that our lives are just what we make them.

The Hagerman Valley

By DOROTHY SEE

SAGEBRUSH was all I had seen for hours; rolling plains of sagebrush, small hills covered with sagebrush, large hills covered with sagebrush, tall sagebrush, short sagebrush, until I could close my eyes and see sagebrush. Suddenly, as though a curtain had been drawn, we looked straight down hundreds of feet into the beautiful Hagerman Valley. It was spring and the orchards were white with blossoms. The fields were green and cool looking. Here and there a clump of trees indicated a farm house. A cool refreshing breeze with the scent of new mown hay and blossoms reached us. I could not help looking back at the sagebrush and thinking how like life the contrast was. When we are in the deepest despair something will happen to set our world aright.



The Fall of Fort McLain

By JOHN E. NEELEY

NIGHT HAD SETTLED and its darkest shadow enveloping McLain, a frontier fort and an outpost of civilization, fell athwart every threshold there. Aye, and it was blacker by far than the shadows within the innermost recesses of the forest. It was the shadow of doom. Early that morning most of the soldiers who were garrisoned there had been called to the north to quell an Indian uprising and they would not return until the morrow. Yet all was done with a perfect sense of security; no hostile Indians should know of it, and, besides, had not all such already migrated northward?

But it was ever the fault of the white man that he under-estimated his red brother. Captain Ed Norttings, who commanded the detachment left behind, began to feel uneasy as the gloom that follows closely upon the heels of the afterglow began to wrap the settlement in opaqueness, for he had spent his entire life upon the border and knew it as he knew his own soul. He was now past sixty and the sandy hair of his youth had turned gray. Time, as she passed him by, had touched him upon the face and had left her tokens there. Many of those furrows that were cut into his cheeks meant pain and hardships suffered under pitiless heavens.

"'Tis the devil's own night," he soliloquized. "What man, with no moon and with a sky overcast, can be so sure of his scalp tonight?" And he doubled the watch upon the stockade, telling the remaining soldiers to hold themselves in readiness in case of an attack.

The witching hour had scarcely passed ere the hooting of owls rose from the forest. It was the event Norttings awaited. The hootings grew and grew in number and volume until he descended from the tower above the barracks, emptied the garrison of every man capable of bearing arms and lined them along the palisade. He looked at them through the eyes of one who had seen many such nights as this and lived through them.

"Those owls you hear," said he, "are far too numerous. The hoots, you'll notice, are human—too human!"

Then spoke Armand Sumpter, an old grey-headed Indian scout who was visiting the fort. He pulled at his grizzled mustache with one hand and stroked the stock of his old muzzle-loader with the other. Even though he had spent the most of his life making peace with the Indians, he was not adverse to killing one now and then.

"I 'member 'nother night most like this un," he said, and his eyes narrowed to mere slits. "'Twas 'en I lost me wife an' childun. I've a notion, so I 'ave, 'at 'is night I'm agoin' to jine 'em."



He was right. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed ere he jerked his rifle to his shoulder and fired. Whether he aimed at man or shadow, he never knew, for while his gun was still smoking, his soul sped as the arrow had which struck him.

The next day the returning soldiers found the fort, or that which was left of it, a smoking ruins. The charred bodies of parents, friends, wives, children, and sweethearts, burnt beyond recognition, lay under the ashes, sacrificed for a nation and her people. Jacob Tester, whose betrothed was among those who were now enjoying "the rest everlasting," knelt upon the blackened earth. A malediction so vengeful gushed forth from his heart, which was a boiling cauldron of hatred, that it seared his very soul. Yet, the fires of his passion burnt out, even as the prairie fire burns out, leaving the soul barren and hopeless. Quite calm again, he regained his feet and cast his eyes upon the smouldering ruins in which his hopes had perished. He spoke softly and coolly; it was not a vow of vengeance, but a prophecy.

"The God that seeth all things will see the issue of this," he said. "He will see the red man bereft of his land, and the civilization that he has tried to stem prevail as it has always prevailed."

One by one, as they pulled them forth from the debris, the soldiers buried the bodies of those whose love of this country had conquered their fear of its dangers. For five days they labored, and, at the end of the fifth, the sun set upon a new land well converted into a graveyard. It beheld a sea of crosses, numbering 63 in all. At the foot of the knoll stood a flat-topped rock on which the troop's bagler, who had some talent, had chiseled this epitaph:

"God decreed that we should suffer
Before we came to rest,
That thus we might be worthy
To be numbered with the blest.
And so with hardships did we strive
And did so not in vain;
For a mighty nation yet will rise
And stand here in our name."

* * * *

A century has passed and a nation, the mightiest world power, has risen. Shall we forget, in our security, the blood spilled to make that security possible? There are many McLains and as many graveyards that stand monuments to that most glorious hero—The Pioneer!



The Monotony of Being Good

By GRACE VATH

○ H! THE FUN of being bad! All of my nine years I have been a good boy. I have dressed just as my mother wanted me to, in velvet pants and pongee shirts. I have worn my hair in bangs like a girl. I have studied my lessons and never played hookey a single day. I always have said "Please" and "Thank you." People always have said, "Isn't he a lovely little boy; and so well behaved you know."

But I am fed up on being good. Never again will I be like that. I am going to be a man. There was a new girl in my class at school, that was as pretty as a peach. But she called me "sissy." Then all the other boys and girls called me "sissy." They had done it before, but I had never cared. But now I just burned inside. So she thought I was a "sissy?" Well, I would show her that I wasn't. I jumped into a bunch of boys and hit as I never did before. They tore my shirt and mussed my hair, but I didn't care. I would show them. At last, with a bloody nose, a black eye, but with her praise, I went home leaving a group of battered boys behind.

But the home-coming! Dad was home. Mother ran out to me and cried over me and scolded while I told my story. But Dad came up and slapped me on the back like I was a man and said, "My son, you are a good boy, aren't you? A chip off the old block!"

Song of the Mountain Stream

By CHARLES GROSS

Here I come dashing with sprightly splash
Singing in frisking symphony
My lightsome whisking melody;
Gushing and swirling
Past log and snag,
Rushing and whirling
O'er clog and jag,
Wrapping and furling
Up switch and spray,
Tapping and purling
Through hitch and stay,
I drench amain both "bench" and plain
With bubbling inundations vernal
And babbling euphonies eternal.



Pioneering

By MABEL BURROWS

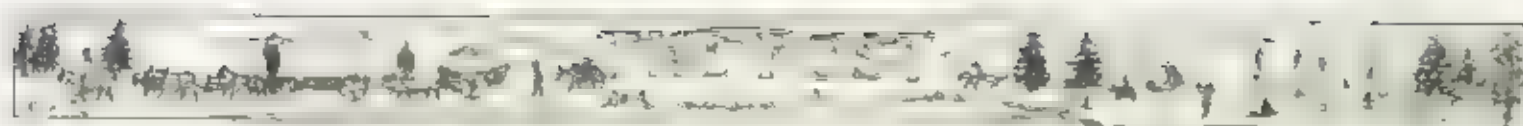
OUR wagon train moved slowly along over the sandy wastes, past many a bleached bone and bush of sage. The sun beat down with terrific force, and as I sat in the back of the wagon, I wondered if night would ever come and lessen that stifling heat. I closed my eyes, but a bump in the trail jerked them open, and, as I was just about to shut them again I noticed on the top of the rimrock, which shut in the little valley through which we were traveling, a thin column of smoke rising to the sky. I sat up abruptly and craned my neck to scan the surrounding hillsides and I was rewarded, for on two other ridges, answering columns of smoke were curling sky-ward. Knowing only too well what that meant, I called to my father, who was driving, and told him of the smoke. His face blanched at the news and a signal was immediately passed to the eleven other wagons in the train.

The cavalcade was halted, and all the men held a hurried consultation, trying to decide what was best to do. It was finally settled that we should drive on to a water hole and make camp for the night. We soon came to such a spot, and the wagons were placed in the usual formation, making a complete circle about the fire, the water, and the baggage. Rifles were loaded and primed, wood was gathered, and all made snug by sundown, and we were ready for what the night might bring. How can I record the awful suspense that I experienced sitting there in the wagon! I tried to keep awake but in vain. I dozed off and was in the midst of a lovely dream of a beautiful garden and flowers, when—Bang! The report of a rifle roused me to my senses. The fight was on!

As it was my part to keep the smaller children quiet, I immediately shouldered my responsibility. My task was not easy, for the little ones were thoroughly terrified by the firing and occasional war whoops that rent the air. And I? Well, I was not in a very cheerful state of mind myself. The firing continued for quite a while and then suddenly it stopped, and there was a lull in the storm.

"That is only a ruse," thought I. "They will endeavor to sneak up and catch us unawares."

It was an awful feeling, to be miles away from any vestige of civilization in the dead of night, surrounded by hostile Indians! The fire threw strange shadows about, and I jumped at the slightest movement or sound. What was that? A slight noise sounded at the side of the wagon. Was it only the wind rustling in the sage brush or was it a stealthy redskin stalk-



ing along? I sat tense and alert, waiting—waiting, for I knew not what. I could hear my heart beating in swift rhythm. My breath was coming in short, tight gasps now, and I knew I could not stand it much longer. Must I suffocate there in that place without even a slight struggle?

And then slowly, surely, warily, something began to raise itself at the end of the wagon. I saw a tuft of hair, a patch of red skin, a leering, evil face—and then, who could blame me? I screamed—one awful, terrified scream; a searing hot pain went through my right shoulder, and then all went out before me into darkness.

* * *

When I awoke from a feverish sleep, I was lying on the floor of the wagon which was going along under the sun as quietly as you please. "Had I been dreaming?" I wondered. I felt quickly of my right shoulder. Oh! It was swathed in bandages. Even the night had been real, and I had been wounded. How had we escaped from that dreadful place? Ah well, that we did is sufficient; and as I never could make my father talk of that trying time I shall leave you to guess the answer as I had to myself.

Just Suppose

By BETTY SMITH

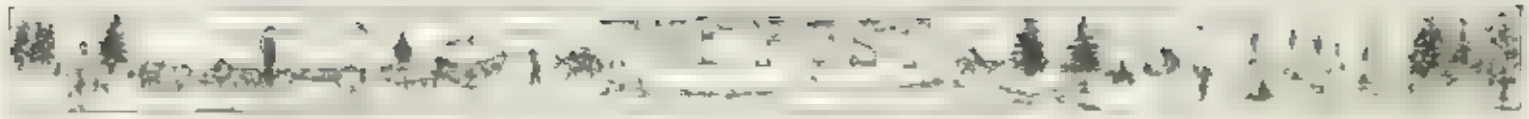
Often I sit by my window
When day is at its close,
And there I play a lovely game—
My game of "Just Suppose."

I gaze out at the western hills,
And watch the setting sun
Make roseate the azure sky,
While clouds pass one by one.

And then I go a-journeving
O'er sunny seas to lands
Of caravans and nomads,
Palm trees and desert sands.

Sometimes I visit cooler climes
Of lofty mountain fame,
And there 'mid grandeur unsurpassed
Continue with my game.

And when I tire of journeying,
I drift for short repose,
To slumberland, thus ending
My game of "Just Suppose."



Leaping Rock

By ALICE RICHEY

MANY YEARS AGO in the land of the Dakotas, there lived an Indian maiden called Winona. She was the daughter of Manito, the chief-tain of the village. Winona was the pride of her father's heart and excelled all the Indian maidens of the village in beauty. Many were the young braves who sought the hand of Winona, but there was only one she loved, and that was Kwasind.

Kwasind was a young and handsome brave of the tribe of the Mandans. For many moons the Dakotas and the Mandans had been at war with each other, and that caused the enmity between Kwasind and Manito, the father of Winona.

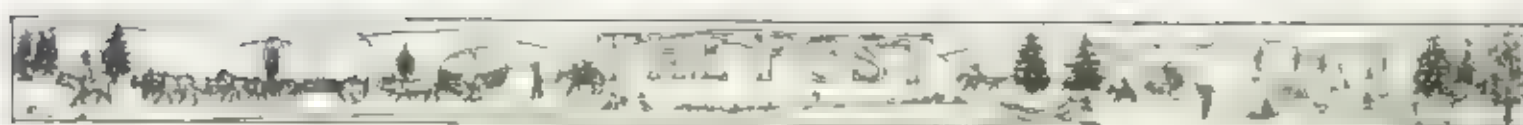
The village of Manito lay in a green and silent valley. Past the village, which was surrounded by meadows and cornfields, flowed a narrow stream. Beyond the fields of golden corn stood the dark and gloomy pine forest.

On a certain evening in the Moon of Falling Leaves, Winona sat in the door of her wigwam plaiting mats of reeds and rushes. Nearby sat an old and wrinkled squaw preparing wild rice for their evening meal. Winona slowly raised her head and looked up from her task as a figure came and paused at her side. It was Shaugo, one of her admirers. Shaugo was a short, stolid and very conceited young Indian. Many times she had heard her father and Shaugo talking, and they were always speaking of her. She knew Shaugo wanted her for his bride, and she also knew that her father liked Shaugo in spite of the young brave's conceit and boastfulness. Winona knew what his visit meant. He would again propose to her this evening. As she sat toying with a couple of reeds, she thought of Kwasind, far, far away. How much more handsome and brave he looked than this Indian standing at her side. With a toss of her pretty head she dismissed Shaugo from her presence.

The Moon of Falling Leaves passed, but Winona received no word from Kwasind. The Moon of Snowshoes had nearly departed, and still she did not hear of him.

One cold, still day a stranger plodded into the snow-covered village. It was Kwasind. He went directly to the wigwam of Winona, where he found her sitting on an Indian blanket pounding maize into meal.

Three times Kwasind had asked for the hand of this maiden, and three times he had been refused, but he was persistent, and for the fourth time



he begged for the maiden, Winona. Still the old chieftain refused him, and sorrowfully Kwasind returned to his abode.

Winona had pleaded and pleaded with her father, but to no avail. He would often mutter, "To think! A Dakota marrying a Mandan! Never!" The poor Indian maiden was almost desperate, for old Manito had decided to give her in marriage to Shaugo.

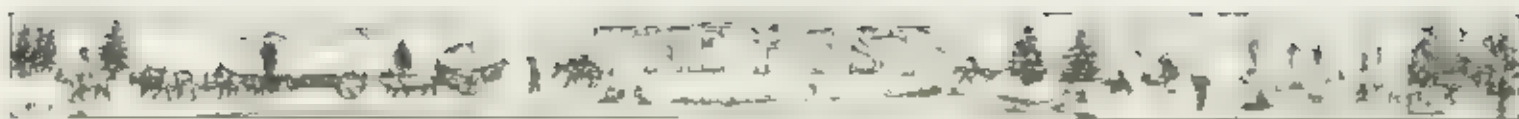
Many times Winona had heard her father tell of the great Pipestone Valley. It was there that all the tribes met and held council. The valley was often called the Valley of Peace. Through the valley flowed a wide, deep stream, along whose course were rapids, cataracts, and beautiful falls. Near the falls of Winniwissi was a great rock. It was called Leaping Rock, because the young braves, to test their courage, leapt from the trail in the valley to the top of the Rock. The leap was as high as two braves are tall.

On an evening in the Moon of Bright Nights, Winona went to the wigwam of her father and told him her plan. She would send Kwasind and Shaugo to Leaping Rock, and the one who returned she would wed. Deep down in her heart she knew Kwasind could make the leap. He was strong and lithe of figure, while Shaugo was of a short and stolid form. The thought that Shaugo could never make the leap pleased her.

The day appointed for the departure of the two wooers arrived. Winona stood on the bank of the stream and watched the canoe glide out of sight down the narrow stream. Along the bank the lofty pine trees were swaying and moaning in the evening breeze. The wind was whistling a weird death song for some one. Little did either of those two braves think it was for him, as the birch bark canoe glided onward toward the great valley of the Pipestone.

Eight suns had risen and sunk below those distant hills since Kwasind and Shaugo had departed. Soon one of them would return. All evening Winona had stood on the bank of the stream watching and waiting. The purple mists were beginning to hide the valley, when she saw far down the stream a small, dark object. It drew nearer and nearer, and yet she could not discern the figure on account of the darkening shadows. Nearer! Still nearer! And yet she could not see who it was. Surely it was Kwasind. No! It was Shaugo! She could tell by the huddled form of the man. With tears stinging in her eyes, she turned to flee. Oh! Why had she let Kwasind go on that terrible journey?

She heard the canoe grate upon the rocks and turned to see an Indian brave leap from the canoe to the bank. It was—Kwasind.



Growing Up

By JANET WATTS

DON'T YOU EVER look back to your grammar school days with a feeling of longing and a wish to be back again with the "gang"? Don't you sometimes get tired of acting grown-up and wish to be able to take the old ball and bat and play "indoor" at recess? I don't mind it so much now; but, when I was a "Freshie," it was torture. On one particular day, however, my whole 14 years weighed down on me so greatly that I threw off the yoke of my high school dignity and enjoyed myself.

During my lunch period I slipped down to the corner grocery, where I had seen a jar of the most deliciously brown caramels that morning. Somehow I never stopped to think that I had seen those very same candies in that very same window every morning for some three months. Before I left the store, I was richer by a bag of caramels and a sack of peanuts, but minus my lunch money.

I entered my English class, eyes popping and middy bulging with the hidden sweets. My fellow "Freshies" felt and appreciated the suppressed excitement to my complete satisfaction, so I condescendingly passed the two bags. I had many friends at that moment. The class continued parsing verbs and charting sentences. I had taken secret nibbles from my caramels, but as the class seemed to be getting along very well without me, I grew braver. Ducking quickly, I poked my head into the inside of my desk and dived for the candy. The bags made a seemingly deatening noise, so I pulled them out and dumped their contents into my lap. For some five minutes I sat with bowed head, alternately chewing peanuts and candy. The latter, I might add, had gathered no pliability from its three months' sojourn in the store and was, to say the least, almost unchewable, but when finally started, it was just right; chewy, sticky, and "chocolatety."

I had just worked my candy to this pleasant stage and had stuffed a few peanuts in to help it along when a "Miss Watts" rang out. I thought desperately.

"Miss Watts, the next verb!"

"U'h-m-m-m!"

I started to raise my head. Bang! It cracked against the top of the desk. By this time various scattered giggles were heard around the room.

"Miss Watts!"

I at last succeeded in freeing my head and disclosed a scarlet counte-



nance, plentifully streaked with chocolate. I rose, and my caramels and peanuts descended.

"Well, indeed!"

"Uh-m-m. Bu-gh-t."

My teeth stuck together, and my words were mere sputterings. Everyone was snickering and giggling, even those with whom I had divided my spoils. Friends? They were hateful and spiteful, every one.

There I stood—teeth glued together with candy, my peanuts scattered to the four corners of the room, and that hateful teacher glaring at me.

"Indeed, you are a representative high school student, Miss Watts. And certainly we can be proud of you. Please be seated and remain after class."

And so I was once more jerked back from my kiddish ways and set hard on the trail of high school dignity. From that moment I fully resolved never, never, never to grow up. I hope I never shall, because it's not a bit of fun.

A Perfect Day

By LLOYD W. HALVORSON

Awake! 'tis morn—a new day born,
A bright and glad June day.
Why sleep and dream of things that gleam
When Nature is so gay?
Arise, go out; oh, sing and shout!
'Tis good, alive to be!
Thus on my sill, the bird folk trill
A message, now, to me.

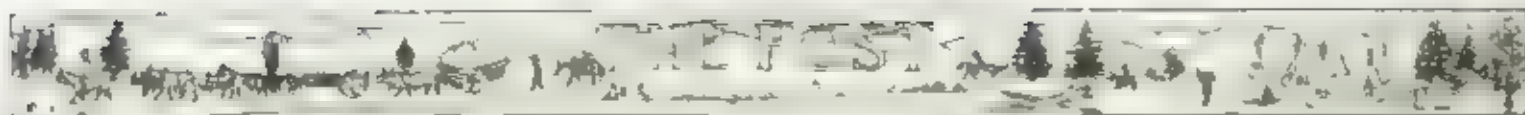
Could I resist when birds insist,
When Nature's all aglow?
And why should I, thus sleeping lie,
When summer breezes blow?
I'll up and out; I'll sing and shout,
And o'er the hills I'll go!
Away with work; today I'll shirk—
The wanderer's joy I'll know.



Forbidden Fruit

By ROBERT F. MUZZY

My friends, on a corner in Woodstock Town
There once stood a prune tree a smilin' down
On the passerby. What a Paradise
It seemed in those days to our greedy eyes.
Don Harris, Verne Miller and Bob were then
Just a trio of kids. How oft again
I've recalled the devil and fun we'd raise
In those sunny and carefree boyhood days.
The prune boss lived in a house near the tree,
And a worse old cuss you never did see.
"Gee, whiz," if you'd just stop to take a look
At his tree, he'd yell, "Git movin', you crook."
As if he could guess that the heart within
Was contemplating the usual sin.
Strange how those words and a menacing frown
Made his prunes the best tasting fruit in town.
We loved a girl in a pink gingham dress,
She—a little fairy in loveliness.
Sometimes even yet when the firelight's low
Her sweet smile steals back from the long ago.
Temptation grew when this dearest of girls
With her laughing blue eyes, and soft golden curls,
And her face—like an angel's of the Lord
Informed us that prunes she simply adored.
One late summer night, the moon didn't show;
The prunes were ripe! We were rarin' to go,
So we gathered our gang, ten hookers strong.
And we reached that tree before very long.



The house was dark; the old gent was asleep,
So the gang scaled his tree. We sure did eat
Like wolves, with no thought of impending woe,
Till we heard something splitting down below.
Good-bye gang, we are going to be hash!
Then down came the tree with a mighty crash,
Scattering its enemies far and wide,
Before lying in sections by their side.
Lights flashed in the house. Run, run for your life!
A window flew up! The head of his wife
Popped out; then a blood-curdling yell,
"Ye gods, man, our prune tree's all shot to—pieces!"
Up every handy alley and street
We were borne fast along on twinkling feet.
A bang and a scream next filled us with fear,
Poor Fat got the buckshot square in the rear.
Well, we three got away, and from the ruins
We brought with us nine big, juicy prunes.
For whom? I'll tell, for you never could guess,
A little maid in a pink gingham dress.

The Ocean

By GRACE HUMES

There's the low quiet moan of the breakers
As they splash on the glittering shore,
The wind in the trees keeps a-calling,
Just calling me back once more.
When the heavens are flooded with sunset
And the last ray sinks in the deep,
Then my heart swells high with gladness;
Pure happiness keeps me from sleep.
As the moon paints the waters all golden
One could stay and dream nights away,
And hear the love song of the ocean
As it flows on its unending way.
And sometimes when duty permits it
T'would be joy to go back there, it seems
To wander alone by my ocean at night
Just the ocean and stars—and my dreams.



Adventure In Camp

By IVAN HAWES

IT SEEMED that I had hardly lain down after the long day on the trail when I heard very plainly my patrol call—"Hoot, Hoot, Hoo-o-o-o."

I lay still for a time trying to decide whether to get up or feign sleep. I had about decided on the latter when again came the call—"Hoot, Hoot, Hoo-o-o-o," followed by "Ivan, Ivan, for Pete's sake snap out of it."

"What for?" I asked sleepily.

"Sh!" came the answer, and I could see my chum, Bill, through the tent flap.

"Rain Dog is down by the lake in his canoe. Remember what he said."

I was awake now, or at least I thought I was, so I stepped silently out of bed and whispered, "Shall I dress?"

"Well," he answered, suppressing a snicker, "I think you might at least put on your pants."

"Aw, don't get funny," I replied; "you don't seem so much dressed yourself."

"Oh, well," he answered, "come and make it snappy; Rain Dog is waiting."

I was soon outside and on my way toward the lake, following closely behind my friend. We soon reached the lake and I could see Rain Dog's canoe; but the old Indian was nowhere in sight. He soon appeared, however, when he saw us.

"Ah," he said, "Boy Scouts want Rain Dog teach 'em to paddle a canoe."

"Naw," answered my friend, "We're on our vacation. You said you was goin' to tell us a story."

"Ah yes," came back the Indian, "Rain Dog sorry; no can tell story to Boy Scouts. Can't remember; very sorry. Can't even remember telling Boy Scout he would."

"Oh, don't act so innocent," replied Bill, who knew Rain Dog, "What do we got to do? What will make you remember?"

"Maybe Boy Scouts can get Rain Dog some smokes, eh?"

"Nix," I told him. "The last time we tried that we very nearly got caught, and as it was, the whole camp was in a rumpus over it for three days after. Nope," I said, "We'll try to get some huckleberry pies and that's all."

"Ah," said Rain Dog, acting as though that was what he had wanted all the time, "Ah, pies, huckleberry pies, me remember. Pies make Rain Dog remember."



So my friend and I turned back toward camp in search of pies. As we came up to the cook's shack we noticed a light shining through the window, and my friend exclaimed, "Now wouldn't it be just like that old Dutchman to be awake on this night of all nights."

As we neared the shack I could see him through the window reading. I could just make out the title, "Snakes, Native and Foreign." A little beyond him was the table with about eight pies on it.

"I suppose," I said, after a time, "we'll have to wait till he goes to bed."

"Yes," Bill answered, "and by that time that cussed Indian will be gone. Nope, we've got to get 'em now."

"All right," I replied, "let's get 'em now. But how?"

But he hadn't paid the least bit of attention to me, and so I waited.

Presently he said, "Ivan, go down and get Rain Dog."

"Huh," I asked, "what for?"

"Aw, go on," he answered; "You wouldn't understand."

So I went and soon returned with Rain Dog.

When we got there, my friend turned to the Indian and said, "Do you see that guy in there? Well, we got to get him out."

"Ah," said the Indian, "Rain Dog scream like panther."

"No," answered Bill, "Rain Dog keep still like a mouse till I get through."

Rain Dog just stood and grinned; you could see he was crazy about Bill.

"Well," continued Bill, "you crawl under the shack and when you get right under his chair you make that noise like a rattlesnake."

"Yes," he answered, "Rain Dog go 'Rrrrrrrr.'"

Well, that rattle was so real that I jumped about three feet and looked all around for the snake.

My friend seemed pleased and said, "All right, let's go."

Rain Dog crawled under the shack and Bill and I took our places on each side of the door.

Just then we heard that "Rrrrrrrr" and I saw the cook jerk his head up and his eyes pop out about a foot. Again came the "Rrrrrrrr," and this time the cook jumped up, crashed through the door past us and fled down the hill.

Bill and I ran in and grabbed two pies each and ran down to where the canoe was.

Rain Dog soon joined us and we gave him one pie; but it was so late that we decided that we had better go back to bed. So Rain Dog promised to come back next night and tell his story.

The next day the cook was quite a hero; he told a big story of how a giant rattlesnake had struck at him and then crawled down a hole in the floor.



MUSIC

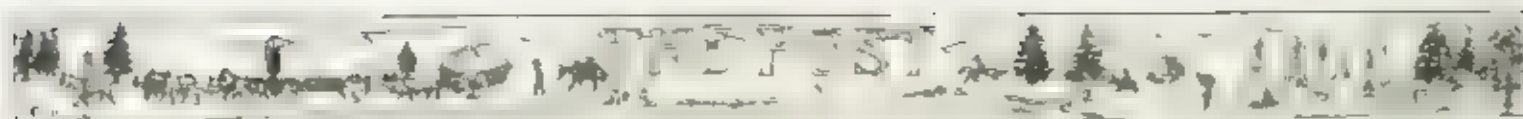


Band

The Franklin Band, organized in September 1924, with Mr. H. N. Stoudemeyer as director, gives students an opportunity to play band instruments in ensemble work and furnishes music at the school's athletic events and in programs, when possible.

To date, the band has played in most of the assemblies held in the new auditorium, at all the football games of the last season, and at several of this season's basketball games. The band also furnished concert music between the acts of "All of a Sudden Peggy," the January 1926 class play.

The personnel of this term's band is as follows: *Cornet*—William Born, Donald Dalrymple, Howard Brady, George Driscoll, Harry Calkins, and Delmar Mitchelson. *Clarinet*—Harold Brown, Carl Leitz, William Hilands, and LeRoy Porter. *Piccolo*—Robert Otto. *Saxaphones*—Waldo Fuegy, Albert Edmeades, Donald Hewitt, Kermit Lienkemper, Morris Little, and William Murphy. *Trombones*—Leonard Barnett, Ronald Hewitt, Fred Hutchinson, and Maurice Pease. *Drums*—Ralph Richards, Vivian Attix, Glenn Repp, Robert Hurd, and Robert Smith. *Bass Horn*—Harry Schenk.



The Chorus

Franklin High School is fortunate in having a splendid mixed chorus of about 40 voices. This group consists of most of the best voices of the three glee clubs. It works diligently every day during the fourth period under the excellent supervision of Mr. Walsh.

As a result, the chorus has accomplished much this term, and all the members have enjoyed the work along with the fun. In "The Bohemian Girl," by Balfe, given by the glee clubs in February, this chorus was the mainstay of all the chorus work, and all the leads were selected from among its ranks. The opera was a great success.

In March the chorus, with the aid of a few from the various glee club classes, gave a concert which was the sixth number of the Franklin High concert series.

When the Interstate High School Music Tournament opened at Forest Grove, 28 members of the chorus represented Franklin. As usual, Franklin brought home the prize.



Orchestra

An organization extremely popular with student activities and always in demand is the Orchestra. It performed at various assemblies, at the opera, and at a program for Better Homes Week.

The orchestra is extremely fortunate in having, as its director, Mr. Carl Denton.

The personnel of the orchestra is:

Viols—Donald Lamb, Margaret Skillings, Genevieve Curry, George Jones, Geraldine Turner, Will Schweitzer, Catharine Prideaux, Frances Crooks, Evelyn Hill, Clyde Kincaid, Ida Wendland, Eliot Michelson, George Baldwin, Louella Strech, Caroline Schweitzer Margaret Greenleaf, Eggert Helmer, Kathryn Perkins, Bert Harris, Cedric Salway, Raymond Tomfohr, and Donald Knauss.

Clarinets—Harold Brown, LeRoy Porter, and William Hilands.

Trombones—Fred Hutchinson, Ronald Hewitt, and Leonard Barnett.

Cornets—Donald Dalrymple, William Borin, and Delmar Mitchelson.

Piano—Ralph Richards and Zelma Merchant.





The Bohemian Girl

The annual opera presented by the music department this year, February 12 and 13, proved very successful. It was by far the most elaborate presentation that was ever attempted by the department in text, scenery, and costumes.

The leads, as well as the choruses, did excellent work and reflected much credit on the untiring direction of Mr. Walsh.

The tenor role of Thaddeus was delightfully portrayed by Hugh Walton.

In the role of Arline, Evelyn Goodloe and Gladys Keady both displayed unusual talent.

The Queen of the Gypsies, as sung by Bessie Greenwell, was a very powerful part and was portrayed with dramatic intensity through the medium of a charming voice.

Thelma Raz and three-year-old Betty Christenson worked together exceedingly well as Buda, the nurse, and the beloved child of Count Arnheim. The latter was interpreted by the dignified Kenneth East, who both sang and played his part well.

The role of Florestine was taken by Irvén Ross and Lloyd Conger, both of whom caused peals of laughter to come from the audience.

Donald Harris, as Devilshoof, must be complimented on his professional acting and singing.

Loren Hare as Captain of the Guard, Clarke Henkle as an outstanding Gypsy, and Mahalah Kurtz as a gypsy whistler deserve honorable mention for their unusually good work.

Eleanor Winders is a dancer of grace and charm and pleased the audience with her rhythmic interpretation of a Spanish Student Song.

The accompanists for the occasion were Ralph Richards, Zelma Merchant, and Marion Clarke.



Concert Series

This year the music department effected a new idea for the musical education of the public, but more especially for the Franklin pupils. This innovation was the presentation of a "Concert Series," one concert being given each month by the very best of talent. There were, in all, six concerts, which made a fitting initiation for the new auditorium.

The first number on the series was by Lowell Patton and assisting artists. They presented something entirely new, unique, and original in what might be called a "Futuristic Music Program."

The second number was "The De Marco Harp Ensemble." There were delightfully fascinating effects in group playing and interesting and unusual combinations of harp, piano, violin, and 'cello in duo, trio, and quartette arrangements, grouped about an ensemble of three harps.

The third number consisted of Evelyn Scotnev, the leading coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company. She has sung with Caruso in "Lucia," "Cog d' Or," "Elisir d' Amore," and in "La Juive."

The fourth number was "The Portland String Quartette," which organization made its debut in the Pacific Northwest in this Concert Series. The Quartette is composed of artists from the Portland Symphony Orchestra and appeared with David Campbell, a noted concert pianist.

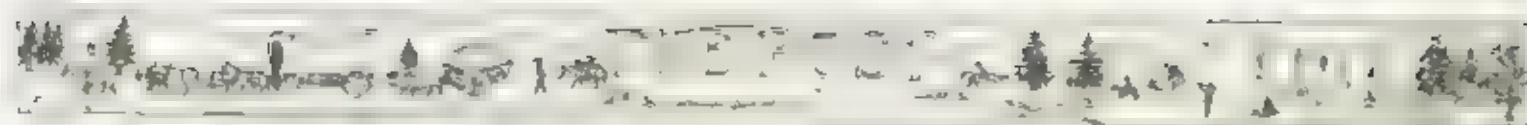
The fifth number was the annual Franklin High Opera, "The Bohemian Girl."

The last number of the series was the annual spring concert by the music department. As usual, this was the interesting event of the season. The program was varied, consisting of vocal solos, duets, quartettes, sextettes, and choruses, supplemented with piano, violin, and trombone solos, and selections by the band. There was a very affective scene from "Faust," and a clever and amusing musical comedy entitled "Cynthia's Strategy." The program was concluded with a group of "Twilight Songs." The idea of the "Twilight Songs" is becoming traditional as a part of the spring concert program, and the familiar heart songs sung by the chorus under the soft lights are most effective.



Observed and Calculated Data

Name	Type of Mach.	Fuel	Characteristic	Deficient in	Best use for	What they need	What they're worth
H. KILMPP	Political	Straw (votes)	(goodness only knows)	Halo	Patent medicine salesman	Muffler	Half her graft
E. MYERS	Windmill	Wind	Baby-face	Nerve to be a rough-neck	Child wonder in movies	Nurse	Interest on \$50 at 2 1/2
D. MCKEAN	Boring	Crude oil	Poor mixture	Circumference	Bell-hop	Sixty days	2 cents per hour
K. STEVENS	Baby-carriage	Mellin's Food	"Smiley"	Practical ability	Dish-washer	Rest	Package of pins
D. MITCHELSON	Triple Expan.	Unknown	Doubtful	Common sense	Lump fish		
I. MURRAY	Can't tell	Lotus talk	Too cocky	Modesty	Model for funny paper	Safety valve	Good for nothing
C. BOCKMAN	Imitating	Hay	Short circuit	Words to express it	Yet to be found	Discharge	Stick of gum
B. MORRISON	Pair of skates	Mud	Crab	"Ambush"	Evangelist	Lubricating oil	Worthless
J. GILBAUGH	Grind organ	Compressed air	Back-firing	Learning	Fly-trap	Alarm clock	Dollar a day
L. KRETZMEIER	"Tin Lizzie"	Gas	Weak springs	Discretion	Cigarette Indian	Maxim silencer	14 cents at auction
M. BEHANNA	Milking	Chewing	Over-heating	Compression	Cleaner	Moral adviser	\$7 50 a year
M. HILANIS	Grindstone	Fudge	Cramming	Snobbery	Care-taker	Muzzle	Two dictionaries
S. HAMMOND	Phonograph	Records	Poor compression	Trust	? ? ?	Vacuum cleaner	1 punk fire-cracker
R. BRISTOW	Hot air	Juice	Loud exhaust	Moral balance	Junkman	Shovel	Fare out of town
H. PERRY	Pump	Gossip	Leakage	Upper story	Museum	Padded cell	18 cents per term
W. COX	Hygmobile	Mush	Girls	Decorum	Garbage collector	Dog license	29 cents
E. HENDERSON	Prept motion	Hot air	Speed	Sense	Phonograph	Hair cut	1 German mark
R. RANKIN	One finger	CO-2	Too much slippage	Time	Poed Shark	Grape-nuts	Two bits



Franklin's Leading Clubs

THE COMMERCE CLUB

Motto: *To Charleston or Bust.*

The select "400" of Franklin are the members of the Commerce Club. One must be able to drink one's tea from a saucer, pick one's teeth with a finger nail file, and be able to dance until two every morning, before he puts in his application for membership. The girls' budes are powder putts being applied, and the boys are known by their side-burns and misplaced eyebrows.

Song: "If you use slang and have lots of pep,
Come join our gang and lose your rep."

THE HI-Y

Motto: *Anything we do is all right.*

Stands for: *Hopeless Yiddishers.*

This most exclusive club has a very high membership requirement. Prospective pledges must possess a Ford, a yellow slicker, a good line with reg. room teachers, and a permanent excuse from gym. Their highest social aim is that every member shall become so proficient with his knife that he can get ten peas on it and never drop one. Their time is spent in avoiding the clutches of 'Tri-Y girls and in throwing chalk in the lamp shades. The only good they do for Franklin is the rest and peace which the school gets when a Hi-Y convention is held in Seaside.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

Motto: *Money, Money, and more Money.*

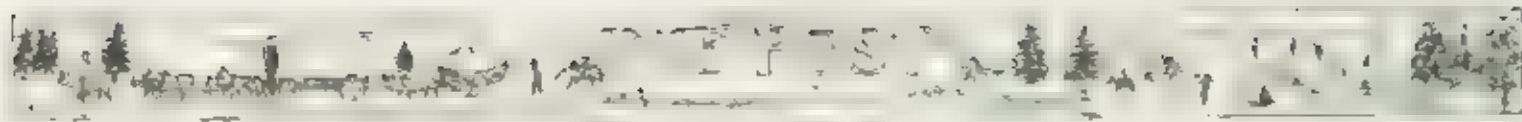
Every school is known to have its Ladies' Aid Society, and Franklin finds hers in the Girls' League.

The members of this League have set about bossing everything from the style of tying your shoe laces to the way Mr. Enna parts his hair. Their efficiency is shown by the way they work students out of money.

ILLUMINATI

Motto: *Follow our torch, and you'll land in jail.*

The Illuminati Club, or the Ignoramuses, as they are more generally called, hold their daily meetings any time between the first and seventh periods in Mr. Lewis's dog house. All good peanut throwers, chalk tossers, fast eaters, and gum chewers are invited. It is to this organization that Franklin owes the school's high average in flunking. A boy is not eligible for membership unless he receives four horse shoes a term.



THE TRI-Y

Motto: *If it will help us we are for it.*

Meaning: *Timid Youngsters.*

The Tri-Y selects only those young women who intend to become school teachers or old maids. Their meetings are spent in the discussion of the banishment of all male rule. At the present date they hold the championship for gum chewing, and they hope to renew that title in the contest to be held soon between the Cecropian, Tennis, and Tri-Y clubs. As the Tri-Y has been given such excellent training by its Council, there is no doubt but that it will win the World's Championship.

New Books Added to Our Library

"HOLDING THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK"

By *Deryl Royse*

Discusses all the advantages of a seven-day clock and why the author objects to anyone stealing his "Time."

Illustrated by "The light of the moon."

Free upon application.

"THE ETERNAL QUESTION"

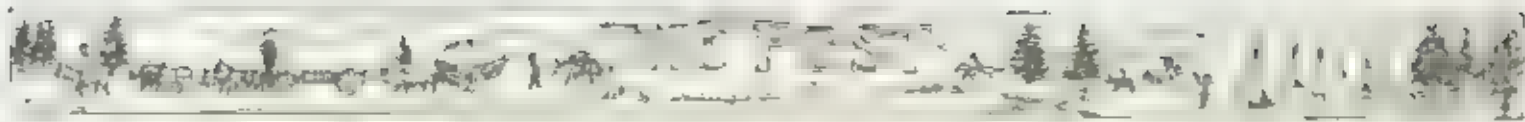
By *Hope Perry*

Noted author of "Windjammer." Explains how a foolish person can ask more questions than all the wise men can answer. 999 pages.

"THE ART OF SELF SATISFACTION"

By *Desmond Anderson*

This is the latest from the pen of that great authority, Mr. Anderson, and is the culmination of three years' study and experience. 247 pages profusely illustrated.



One hundred four





Basketball

This year Coach Meek had only one letterman with whom to begin a team. Though the team was inexperienced, it always showed plenty of fight and shooting ability.

A new schedule was introduced in the league this season, whereby each school played two games with each of the other schools, alternating floors.

Those who played regularly during the season were: Snideman and McFarland, centers; Miller, Boyle, and Bockman, guards; Scales, Keenan and Kretzmeier, forwards. Snideman, Kretzmeier, McFarland, Scales, and Bockman will be back next year.

LEAGUE GAMES

Franklin	29	Roosevelt	10
Franklin	24	Washington	14
Franklin	17	Jefferson	16
Franklin	0	*Commerce	2
Franklin	14	Grant	29
Franklin	27	Benson	26
Franklin	32	Washington	23
Franklin	18	Grant	27
Franklin	19	Roosevelt	20
Franklin	25	Benson	31
Franklin	24	Commerce	11
Franklin	36	Jefferson	14
Franklin	19	Lincoln	6
Franklin	22	Lincoln	29
Franklin	306	Opponents	258

*Forfeited.

Pre-season games were played with Salem, Chemawa, Lewis and Clarke, the Oregon Freshman, and the O .A. C. Rooks.



Basketball

COLTON MEEK

Coach

He is always as calm as a cucumber. He is always as calm as a cucumber. He is always as calm as a cucumber.

LAURENCE KRETZMEIER

Forward

Kretz plays a hard smashing type of game. He was all star captain and high point man.

GEORGE SCALES

Forward

George plays a good steady game. He shines in long shots, and by next year he probably will develop into an all star force.

WALDEN BOYLE

Guard

Walden keeps his head at all times. Another makes perfect.

WILLIAM KEENAN

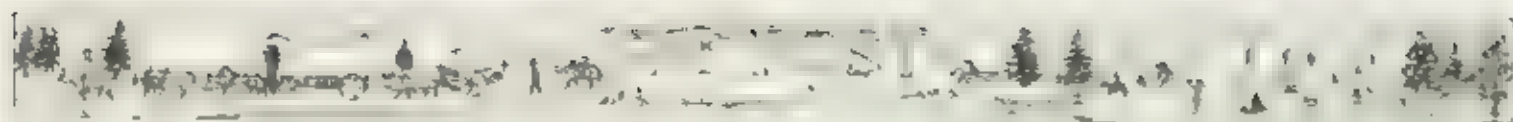
Forward

Small, but Oh my! Bill makes up for his minuteness with his cleverness in floor work.

WESLEY CALKINS

Forward

Wesley is a good player. Always on the job.



CHARLES BOCKMAN Guard

Bill knows that a knowledge of football is in handy in basketball. Although he has little experience, he does not lack.

GEORGE MCFARLAND Center

George, our quiet lad, is active enough in the game. The ball is generally his on the tip-off.

VERNE MILLER Guard

Miller, all around guard, habitually takes the ball off the backboard and advances it down the floor.

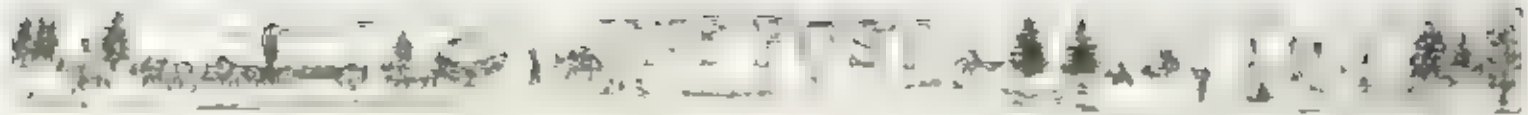
DAWSON SNIDEMAN Center

Dawson, known as the tallest center in the school, had no trouble in getting the tip-off. Watch him next.

MILTON HANSON Manager

Mike, our hard working manager, is always on the job, and smiling.





Baseball

ROBERT DOWN

With little knowledge of the athletic condition in Franklin, and with the sole object of finding a winning combination, Mr. Down undertook to coach our baseball team. He has without doubt produced a team to be proud of.

VERNE MILLER

A perfect captain and excellent fielder, Verne works hard and is respected by his team-mates.

WESLEY CALKINS

Wes performed behind the bat in great form this year. He can also hit when hits are needed.

JAMES O'CONNELL

Jimmie can play any position except the battery. Left field, however, is his best bid.

ARTHUR HAUGEN

A pitcher of more than ordinary ability. Arthur has two years yet in which to make himself an all star.

DAWSON SNIDEMAN

Though inexperienced, Dawson should be a valuable outfielder in the future.

FRED HUTCHINSON

Fred has the goods all right and with more experience he will deliver it (over the plate).

LAWRENCE JACKSON

Slick is the flash of the team, covering more ground around short stop than six ordinary men.

KENNETH WILSON

Kenneth, from a championship Eastern Oregon team, is one of the neatest fielders in the league.

MILTON HANSON

Illness prevented Mike from getting into shape at the first of the season. He knows the game and plays fast baseball at second.

TONY RINELLA

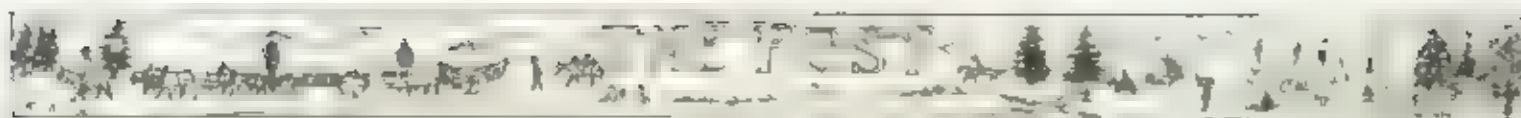
In the box, Tony is a valuable asset to the team. He is also a good coach at first base.

WILLIAM COX

Bill is a star man around first and a heavy swatter. The ball generally goes for a ride when he steps to.



One hundred nine



DONALD MESSENGER

Don, a nifty third baseman, will be a star in future years.

VIRGIL MILLER

Virge worries the batters to the point of striking out. We wonder what big league team will be the lucky one to get him.

WALDEN BOYLE

Boyle is a good fielder whose specialty at bat is bunting where everybody is not.

JOHN MCQUAID

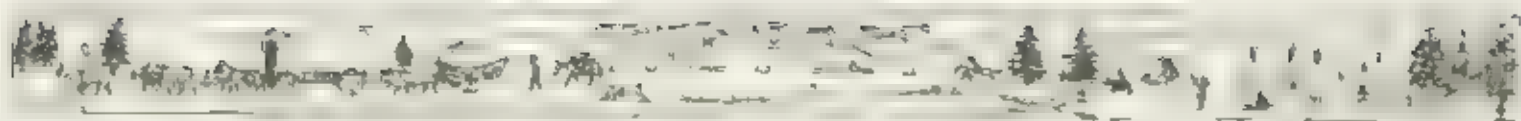
A good manager must be helpful, prompt, cheerful, and hard working. In all these John is efficient.

Baseball

When this was written Franklin had played and won three games, defeating Lincoln 16 to 2, walloping Commerce 11 to 1, and conquering Benson 1 to 0. Unfortunately two of these games had to be forfeited.

Four lettermen and plenty of good material for a winning team turned out this year. Under Mr. Down, who is coaching baseball at Franklin for his first time, a strong, well balanced team was produced.

Calkins, our catcher, is a man who would be a credit to any ball team. Virgil Miller in the box cannot be beaten when good pitching is concerned. Haugen, Rinella, and Hutchinson are all pitchers of high rank. Our bright light on the team is Cox at first, who is noted for his red hair and hitting ability. On second, Verne Miller is master of that region surrounding the hot box. Jackson, at short, stops anything and everything. Messenger, on third, performs like a veteran. In right field, Boyle plays the game as it should be played. To his right in center is Wilson, small but speedy; and it is sure death for any ball that comes his direction. In left field is O'Connell, who plays his ninth of the game very efficiently.



Tennis

This year there has been much more interest taken in tennis than in past years. Never before has there been more ability displayed and greater competition aroused for positions on the team to represent Franklin in the Inter-scholastic Tennis Tournament.

Through the Tennis Club an elimination tournament is held at the beginning of each season to determine who shall make the team.

Of last year's team Grace Vath, Ralph Elle, and Ronald Runyard are back and with the many new aspirants of this year, we should have a winning team.

Golf

Golf is coming to be a popular minor sport in Franklin. If all golf-knuckers held golf players Franklin's team would win the championship, but such is not the case.

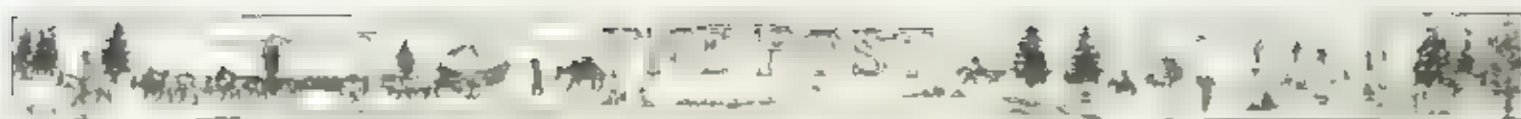
Now to get down to cold facts. All members of the team must belong to the Golf Club and must be Student Body members. Last year we had four lettermen and three are back this year. They are Donald Lamb, Cecil Rogers, and William Schonbein. With these and much new material we should have a strong team. Watch them shoot.

Football

Next fall when Coach Meek leads out his pigskin warriors, dust and paddles will fly pretty fast for prospects are bright.

Charles Bockman, our new captain, will do his best to make our team a "first rater." We will have ten lettermen back which includes most of the inexperienced team of last year.

Captain Bockman and Dezzy Anderson will be back for guard positions; Clarke Henkle and Horace Cooper, for tackles; Robert Dehuff at end; Eddie Myers, Neil Pairan, Laurence Kretzmeier, Bill McCarter, and Fred Sears, our dashing back-field men, will be ready and rough for next season. These will form a strong nucleus for next year.



Wrestling

DESMOND ANDERSON147 lbs.

Dezey, who coached our wrestling team this year, filled the position competently. This year he won not only his fourth wrestling letter in Franklin, but also the city, state, and P. N. A championships.

LOCKE REEDER 175 lbs.

"The bigger they are the harder they fall," says Locke with a smile. Locke won first place in the state tournament this year.

ROBERT MCGILVRA.....105 lbs.

No complaint is coming about the way Bob wrestles. He rides them hard and long. Nuff

TOM BADLEY160 lbs.

Always cool and tactful our wrestling tenor spreads desolation o'er the mat of battle.

FRED SEARS125 lbs.

This is Fred's first year at the mat game. Stout and fleshy, this wrestler in action resembles chain lightning.



CLARKE HENKLE 175 lbs.

Football is not the only sport in which Clarke is a star. He wrestles a hard match. Ask some of his conquered opponents.

SIDNEY GIRARD..... 118 lbs.

Sid, winner of scholarships, wins wrestling matches also.

HAROLD ARNOLD 135 lbs.

A clever wrestler who has learned the game well through hard and diligent work.

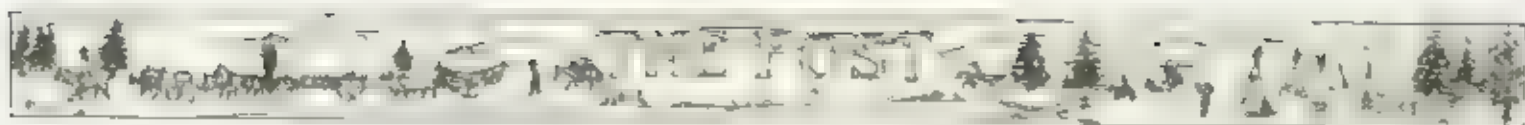
GERALD VAN DERVLUGT 118 lbs.

Whitey, our ex-city champion, knows how to handle the tough ones. He knows the game from A to Z.

ARTHUR GILLARD..... Manager

No manager could be more helpful and considerate than Art.





Wrestling

Wrestling is probably the most ancient sport because it is a fundamental art of self-defense. It was very popular among the Greeks and Romans who desired beautiful, well-developed bodies.

In 1918, in Room Five, registered under Mrs. Thurston, several boys became interested in wrestling. Among them were Robin Reed, George Seltridge, Ivan Gay, Stanley Robinson and Wallace McCallum. They chose Mrs. Thurston as their faculty adviser, and much credit is due her for her sympathy with the boys and unceasing effort to keep interest in wrestling alive. Robin Reed was made their captain, and it may be said that he organized wrestling in Franklin. When Robin graduated, George Seltridge was chosen captain and coach. After Seltridge, Ralph Homes became captain in mid year. He was succeeded by Cyril Mitchel, with Virgil Hamlin of M. A. A. C. as coach.

Cyril graduated in mid year and it was then that Desmond Anderson took charge. That was in 1923, and he has kept the captaincy since that year.

During this time Franklin has produced one Olympic, three national, five Pacific Northwest, and a host of state and city champions.

The teams of 1919, '20, '21, '24 and '25 won city championships and two teams have won state honors.

Although the team this year did not win the championship, it lost by very close scores. Three lettermen will be back next spring.

Wrestling has now come to be a major sport in Franklin. The right support from all students will result in maintaining the record won.

PRE-SEASON MATCHES

Franklin.....	4 bouts	M. A. A. C.	4 bouts
Franklin.....	3 bouts	Flks	4 bouts

LEAGUE MATCHES

Franklin	62	Benson .	98
Franklin	76	Benson .	84
Franklin .	62	Oregon City	86
Franklin	74	Oregon City ..	69



Soccer

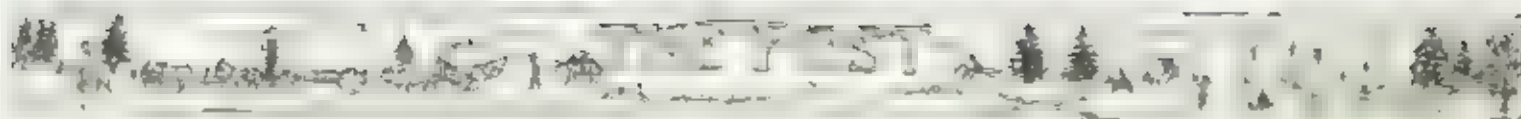
The Soccer team has just completed its first winning season. Mr. Rugg very ably coached the team, molding it from a small lightweight group of boys. All the other teams outweighed the Quakers by about twenty-five pounds to the man; but for fight the Quakers were unequaled.

With a record of five victories and three defeats, the Quakers ended in second place. Benson was the only school to beat them twice. Some record for a team with scarcely any support. Think what it might have been if we had cheered them on when they were behind. Let us support them next year.

LEAGUE GAMES

Franklin	1	Grant	0
Franklin	1	Roosevelt	0
Franklin	1	Benson	3
Franklin	1	Jefferson	10
Franklin	2	Grant	0
Franklin	2	Roosevelt	0
Franklin	2	Jefferson	1
Franklin	0	Benson	7

Lettermen this year are Captain Mitchelson, Peyton, Snieve, Patterson, Holt, Rolander, Cameron, M. Elle, Schenk, R. Elle, Currie, Asher, and Neale.



Track

COLTON MEEK

Again Colton Meek coached our track team with the same attitude of fairness and squareness to everyone.

NEIL PAIRAN

Neil was in the sprints last year, but this year he found his line the low hurdles, and the broad and high jumps.

ROBERT DEHUFF

In the past three years Bob has proved very valuable in rounding out the team in the 100, 220, and 440 yard sprints.

LOREN HARE

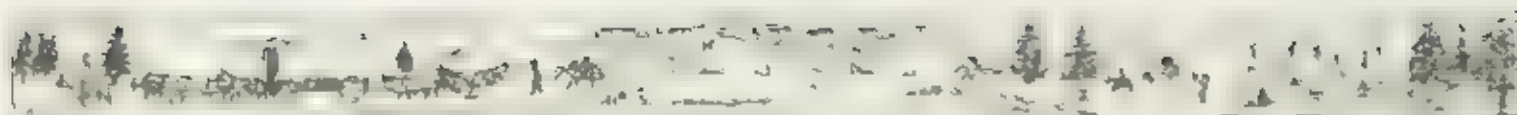
One of the best men on the team! We count on Loren to place in the quarter.

GEORGE JAVIER

The team suffered a severe loss when George, on account of illness, was forced to give up track. Five good points lost in the 100.

CLARKE HENKLE

Clarke started in right when he came out his freshman year. He will probably place in the discus, and he is only a sophomore.



EDWARD NEALE

Ed, switched from distance running to the "high sticks," shows great promise

EDWARD MYERS

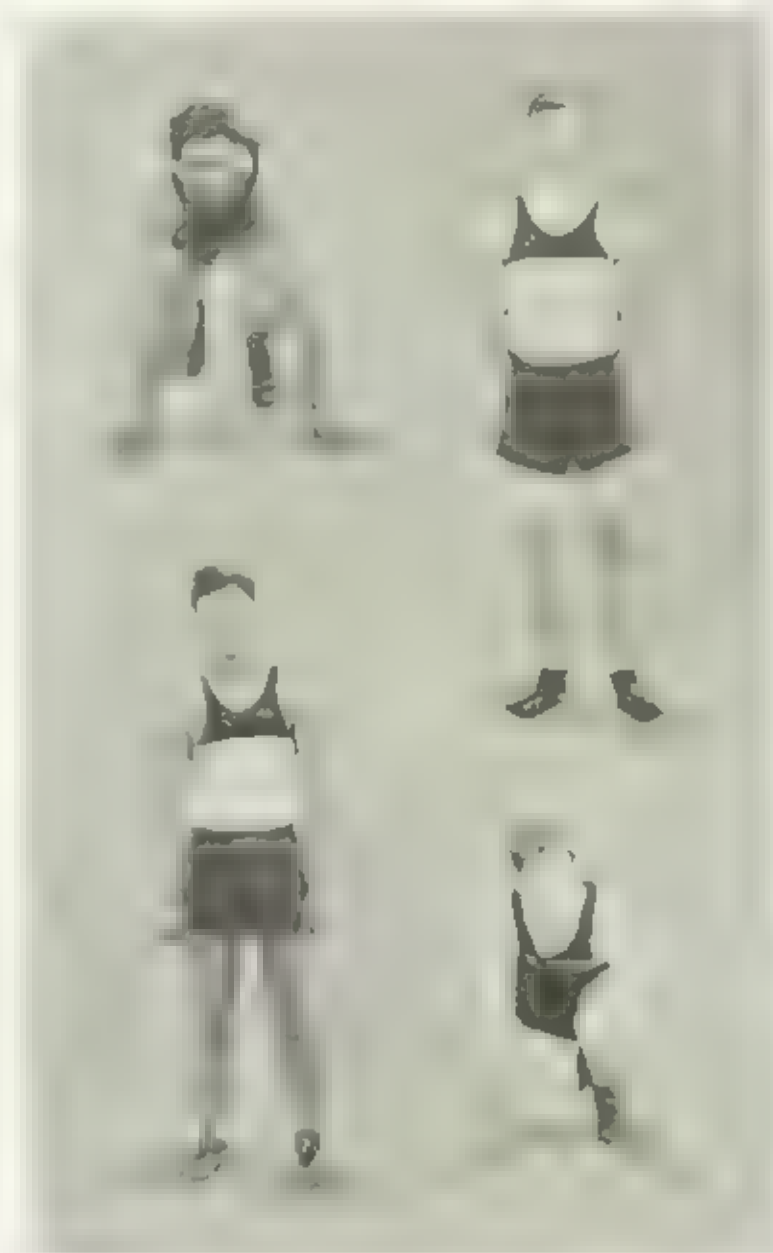
Ed made 10 feet 4 inches in the pole vault last year, and at his present rate he will ascend much higher this year

FRANK SHIMIZU

If fourth place in the Gresham relay run could be accredited to any one man, it would be Frank, for, in his mile, he gained much lost distance

MARTIN ELLE

Martin is both fast in the sprints and broad in the broad jump. He should make an enviable name for himself before he is through

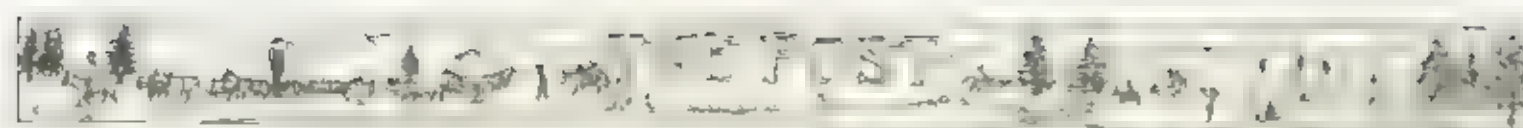


Track

Track this year was set back considerably because of the loss of many sprint and distance men by the nine-term and three-subject rule. However, our chances to place high are very good, and, with Franklin fight, we will do it.

In the past two years there has been a decided increase in the amount of interest shown in track. More fellows are coming out, especially under-classmen. A track man must be developed; he cannot become one over night. Heed ye, freshmen; come out now for track!

The track meet this year will probably be held in our own bowl, free of charge; so there will be no reason why we cannot all support our team.



Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball team completed a successful season by winning the city championship, their three defeats being at the hands of outside teams. This is also the first time that girls' basketball has been recognized by the awarding of letters.

The team started with only a few experienced members, but under the leadership of Dorothy MacLean, Captain, the girls gained experience and finished with flying colors.

The members of the team are: Manager—Evelyn Erickson; Forwards—Dorothy MacLean, Captain, and Lavelle Alexander; Jumping Centers—Mildred Sandberg and Ethel Hays; Running Centers—Katherine Lodi and Alice Stevens; Guards—Marian Stevens, Janet Watts, and Marie Posterl.

SCORES OF GAMES

Franklin	16	Beaverton ..	18
Franklin	27	Sellwood C. H.	16
Franklin	15	Hillsboro	16
Franklin	25	Parkrose	17
Franklin	16	Penninsula C. H.	15
Franklin	27	B'nai B'rith.....	0
Franklin	13	Milwaukee	15
Franklin	10	B'nai B'rith.....	2
Franklin	22	Milwaukee	13
Franklin	34	Reed College Seniors.....	5
Franklin	28	Y. M. C. A.....	6
Franklin	233	Opponents	123



JONES



Portland's Own Store

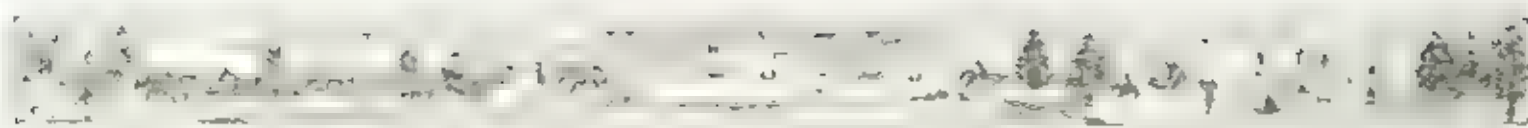
Since 1857

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DIVISION MEAT MARKET

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FIFTIETH and DIVISION
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COME AGAIN

Lawrence Jackson: "I'll bet a dollar I can kiss you without touching you."—Demonstration!

Marjorie Harrington: "But you touched me."

L. J.: "I know it; here's your dollar."

M. H.: "What other games do you play?"

* * *

Some will laugh at them,

Some will get sore,

But a lot of you'll say,

"I heard that one before."

FOSTER ROAD'S LEADING DRY GOODS STORE

LEWELLEN & HANSEN

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DRY GOODS : FURNISHINGS : NOTIONS : SHOES

Try

ROSS' CANDY BARS

at the

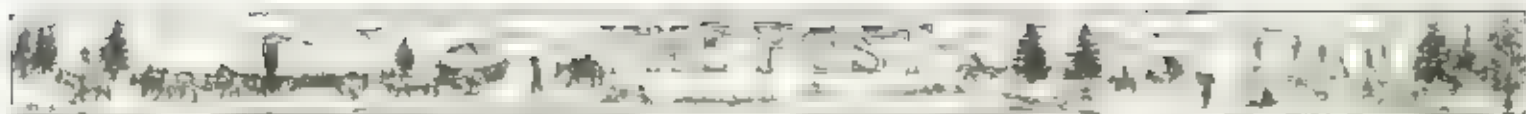
CANDY COUNTER

HENRY ROSS & SONS



Franklinites!

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Opportunity—

Right at the threshold of your school is the Finest and Most Modern Barber Shop on the East Side.

All of our men are experts and we are glad to give you suggestions as to the latest styles in hairdressing.

We operate a high class beauty parlor, where you will find competent marcelists ready to serve your needs.

Franklin Barber Shop

DIVISION STREET NEAR 50TH
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*The Right Person in
The Right Place*

Avery Commercial Service

Stenography : Multigraphing
Printing : Mimeographing

EMPLOYMENT

Bdwy. 1275 602 Porter Bldg.

Patient Teacher: "Now, who will volunteer to use the word 'gruesome' in a sentence?"

Florence Else: "The man stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers."

* * *

Paul Dennis: "What a sad-looking store."

Ralph Elle: "Why, because it has panes in the windows?"

P. D.: "No, because the books are in tiers."

Open Evenings
by Appointment

Expert
Operator

Daisy Rea Shoppe

BEAUTY PARLOR

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45 Years

All Kinds of
Spectacles
Fitted and
Guaranteed

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150 Second St., bet. Alder and Morrison
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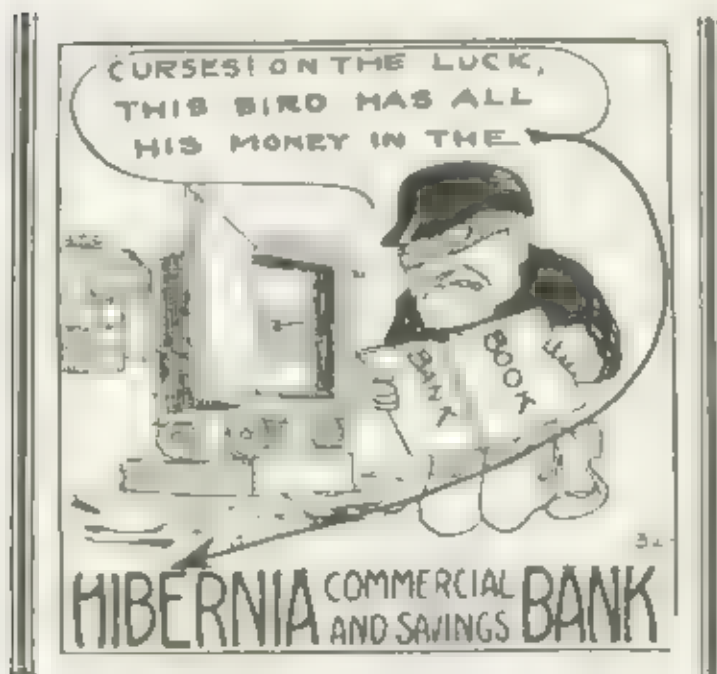
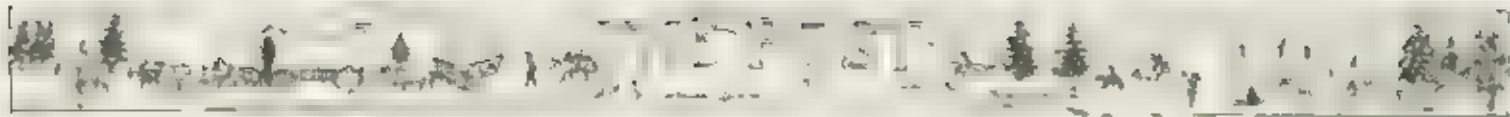
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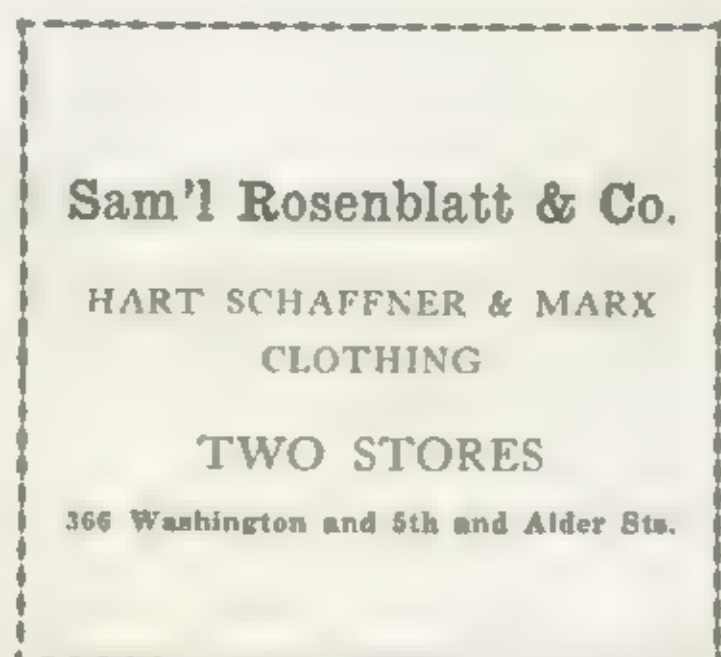
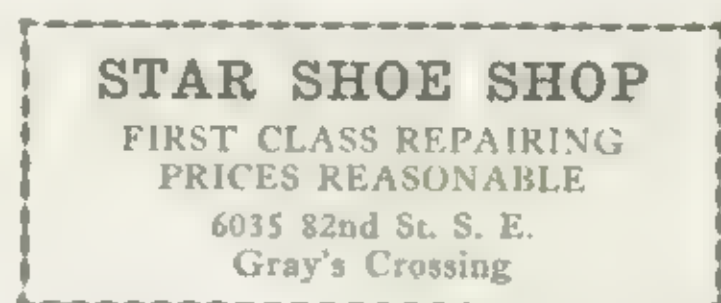
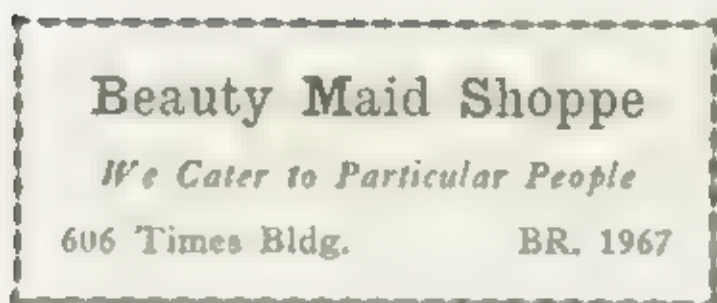
Sylvia Rolte is quiet and shy—

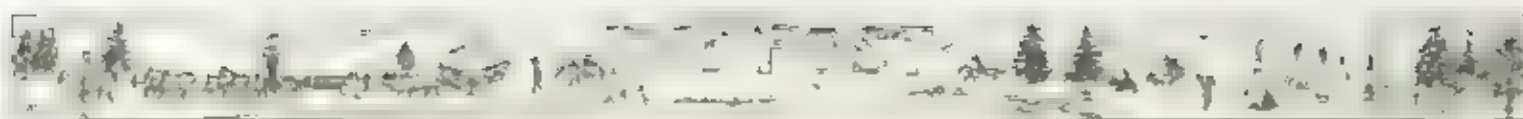
For a good wife, fellows, here's where to apply.

* * *

Neil Fleming's a Prince of Wales No. 2—

A fashion plate from head to shoe.





Maker of quality class pins

J. C. KAHN

201 ALISKY BLDG.

3rd and Morrison, Second Floor

GET YOUR FRANKLIN RING AT THE OFFICE

Nice Old Gentleman: "Why ain't you at school, little girl?"

Mervle Henshaw: "I staved away on account of sickness, sir."

N. O. G.: "And who is sick, may I ask—the truant officer?"

* * *

Bob Rankin: "Is 'pants' singular or plural?"

Katherine Edwards: "If a man wears them it's plural."

B. R.: "If he doesn't?"

K. E.: "Why—then it's singular."

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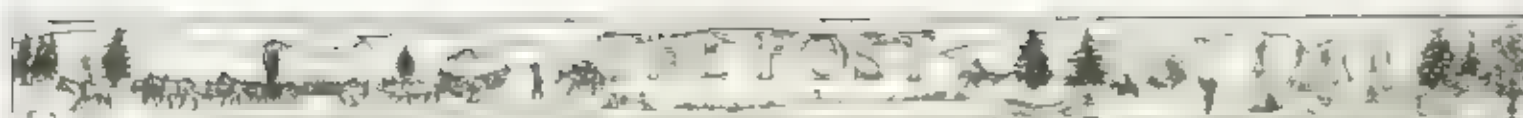
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Dry Goods : Children's Shoes

The Neighborhood Friendly Store

#127 60TH AVE. S. E., PORTLAND

Robert Gilbreath: "How can you tell old chickens from young ones?"

Milton Hanson: "Say! Can't you see through a little paint and powder?"

* * *

Dale Sturmer: "I always kiss the stamps on your letters, for I know your lips have touched them."

She: "Oh, dear! And to think that I dampen them on my dog's nose."

* * *

Wanted by Faculty: Students who are in class mentally, for 45 minutes; or a remedy, natural or artificial, for spring fever.

C. R. Sutherland

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808 and 808½ Clinton St., between 25th and 26th Sts.
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115 Park at Washington Street
Phone Bdwy. 3643 Portland, Oregon

Mr. Down: "Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Reid Allen: "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

* * *

Joseph Hawkins is a speaker of power,,

Makes a minute seem like an hour.

* * *

"Just run along, sun," said the cloud, "till I have my shower."

* * *

Bill Cox: "What would you do if I should kiss you on the forehead?"

Leotta Doucette: "I'd call you down."

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DAY AND NIGHT
We Are as Near to You as Your Phone
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Oils Accessories Tires

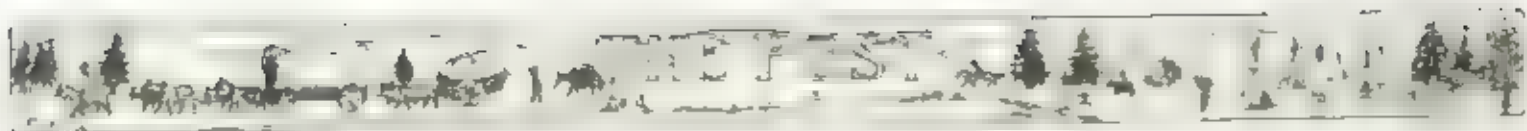
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Shorty's Dog House

1084 Hawthorne Corner 36th

OPEN UNTIL 4 A. M.

Lalove Franklin, as her name implies,
Is a Love-ly Franklinite quite wise.

* * *

John McQuaid: "I am sure I don't have to take a Latin exam this year."

Harold Mersinger: "Why not?"

J. M.: "I don't take Latin."

* * *

HEARD IN H-8

Mr. Down: "What is the difference between you and primitive man?"

Dick Lawrence: "Lots of difference."

Mr. Down: "Name some."

Dick: "My mind is more fully developed."

Mr. D.: "You haven't proved it yet."

* * *

Miss Schmidli: "In what part of the world are the most ignorant people found?"

Frances Montgomery: "London."

Miss S.: "Why London?"

F. M.: "Why, I have heard that that is where the population is most dense."

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After High School

WHAT?

OF COURSE many will go to college; some merely because they want to; others because they require specific courses that will aid them in work they plan to undertake later in life. There are any number, however, who plan to make money just as soon as they possibly can. In their anxiety to do so a large percentage of them "fall into" the first "job" that presents itself. Here is the point where the first step toward failure is often taken. Progress is **HALTED** because they are **NOT TRAINED** for **ADVANCEMENT**.

Instead of learning in the school of hard experience and **CHANCE**—the real short cut is through Behnke-Walker. In a few short months you can master the **PRINCIPLES** of **PRACTICAL BUSINESS**—and backed by the influence and prestige of this great institution—can get the **RIGHT** start in the **RIGHT** way on the Road to Success and the Rewards it pays. Thousands of successful men and women have done so. You can do so. **TRAINED** people can make **MORE MONEY** and make it **MORE QUICKLY** than untrained people.

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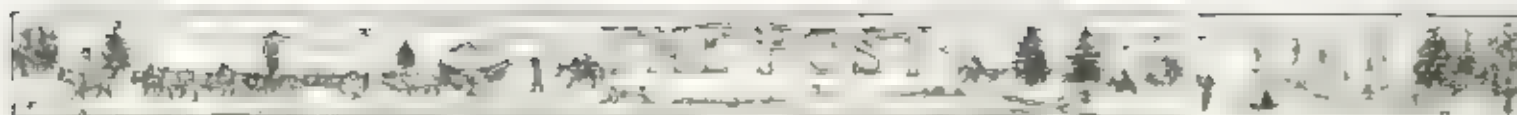
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COLLEGE



4% BROTHERHOOD
CO-OPERATIVE NATIONAL BANK
OF PORTLAND

*Profits
Shared
with
Savings
Depositors*

HEARD IN ROOM 33

Clara Kenwick: "Wasn't that Elizabeth Prideaux that just went by the door?"

Deryl Royse: "I don't know, why?"

C. R.: "I thought I saw her feet."

* * *

Louise Eagleton: "Isn't nature wonderful?"

Wanda Yezerksi: "How's that?"

L. E.: "She gives us faces but lets us pick our own teeth."

* * *

Richard Walters (at library): "May I take the 'Girl of the Limberlost' out over the week end?"

Miss Drew: "I am sure I don't know."

* * *

An education is what is left after you are all through forgetting.

Henkle's Corner Grocery

*Courteous Treatment
Quality Goods
and
Right Prices*

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Beatitudes Revised

Blessed are the poor in typing paper; for they shall be loaned some.

Blessed are they that mourn (over wasted hours); for they shall reform.

Blessed are the studious seniors; for they shall inherit the exemptions.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst; for they shall be filled in the cafeteria.

Blessed is he that possesseth a Latin Pony; for all girls and Miss Roller shall be after him.

Blessed are the boosters; for they shall be friends of the faculty.

Blessed are ye, seniors, when men shall envy you, and ridicule your Post, and say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for jealousy's sake.

Rejoice and be exceedingly glad for great are your opportunities, for so persecuted they the seniors which were before you.

SAVE AS YOU EARN

with

THE

Northwestern National Bank

Morrison Street, Sixth to Broadway



Mr. Parks (in St. class): "An—at—"

Lurline Swetman (helping him out) "An—at—tummy!"

. . .

Nellie Sonneman: "Aw, now I will have to wash my hands."

Mr. Ball: "Yes, and you had better wash your face while you're at it."

. . .

Irma Locke: "Getting a boyish haircut, Caroline?"

Caroline Schweitzer: "No, it's too effeminate!"

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PASTRIES and SWEET GOODS
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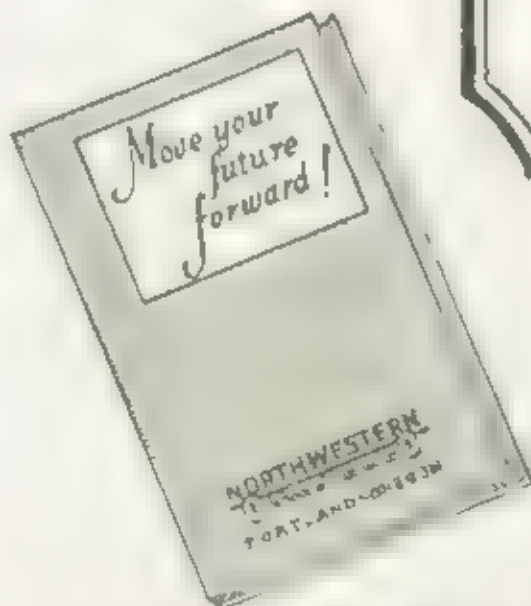
*"Puts business into you,
then you into business"*



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reminds you that

*"There is No
Substitute for
Quality"*



Quality above all is the insistent demand of employers.

They turn first to us for their help because they know that quality is the foundation of the Northwestern School of Commerce.

That is why no similar school has grown so rapidly.

None offers more modern training or more personal attention.

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None more sincerely invites you to investigate.

Write for our new booklet, "Move Your Future Forward." The why, when, and how of success. Sent free at your request.

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**Armentrout Wicke
Motor Co.**

Sales—**Fords**—Service
82nd and Foster Rd. SU. 3846

There is a young man named Day Foster,
Who looks just as if he had lost her.
He wears such a scowl
And talks with a growl,
Just like the famed man from Gloucester.

* * *

Eldon Bridgetarmer: "Honestly now, do you women like egotistical men as well as the other kind?"

Betty Smith: "What other kind?"

* * *

Paul Sagar: "According to my outline, every time a student fails there is \$12.00 wasted."

Edward Collins: "If they would give me the money, I wouldn't even bother them."

* * *

Wee Wee Club

Wee—Millicent Smith.

Weer—Ella Beck.

Weest—Agnes Carson.

Song—"You'd Be Surprised."

Motto—"It's the little things that count."

Faculty Adviser—Mr. Enna.

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AND ELECTRIC CO.**

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Radios : Electric Repairs
DROP IN, HAVE A LISTEN

FRANKLIN
HIGH SCHOOL BOOKS
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for

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Master Engraving and Printing Co.

390 ASH STREET

PORTLAND, OREGON

Leonard Barnett, as we all know—

Blows his horn to scare the foe.

THE GREAT MOMENT

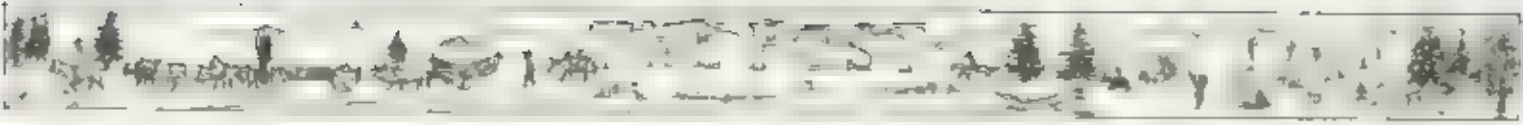
When my sheik puts his cheek next to my cheek!



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printing house is reflected in the books
it produces.*

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HENRY BUILDING
PORTLAND OREGON



Photographs of Quality

Satisfaction Guaranteed

PETERSON STUDIO

214 PITTOCK BLOCK

*Special Reduction
to Graduates*

Teacher: "What is a cell composed of?"

Walter Morrow: "Iron bars and a cement floor."

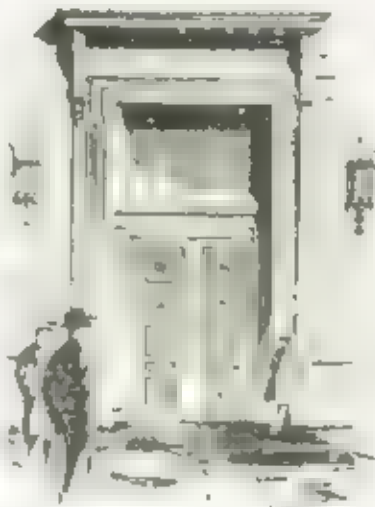
* * *

Milton Russell is tall and shy
A bashful lad, we wonder why.

* * *

Mrs. Winkelman: "What are you doing in the pantry, Laura?"

Laura W.: "Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, Mother."



*"One of the
Northwest's
Great Banks"*

Looking Ahead!

What financial prosperity does the future hold for you?

The influence of the big, helpful United States National in your thrift and progress means better days ahead for young men and women who early link up their success with this institution.






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CHEESE**

Berg's Rely-On
*Full-fashioned pure silk hose—
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 All colors, and but \$1.50
 Chiffons or Service

Charles F. Berg
who's your hosiery?

309 Morrison Opposite Postoffice

"You should have seen Valda Feldman dance the Charleston last night."

"Dance nothing! She was just standing there watching when a bug fell down her neck."

* * *

Ten Brook: "There must be some mistake in my grade. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

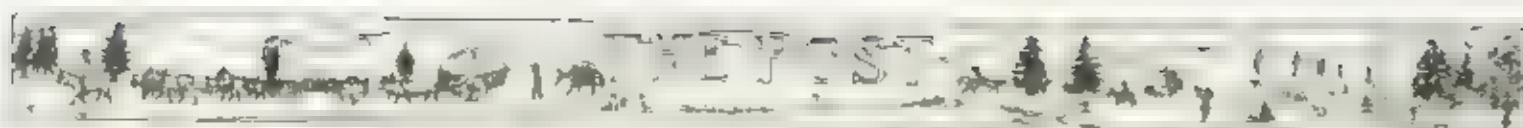
Miss Schmidli: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

* * *

Catherine Roduner's a pretty little miss.
 She keeps the boys in a state of bliss.

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DIVISION AT 44TH

TABOR 3218

Ruth Cook: "I don't intend to be married until I'm thirty."

Helen Horner: "I don't intend to be thirty until I'm married."

* * *

Teacher: "Mildred, how was iron discovered?"

Mildred Wells: "I heard father say only yesterday that they smelt it."

"The life and soul of science is its practical application."—Lord Kelvin.

THE COMPETENT man or woman in modern professional life not only understands the scientific principles upon which his chosen vocation is based, but also knows how to apply those principles in human service. True education combines theory and practice, and its goal is service : Oregon's Land-Grant College is dedicated to

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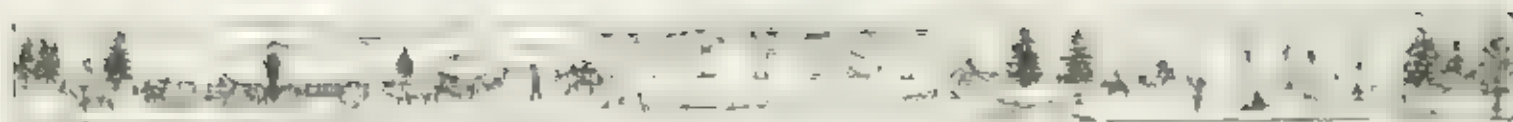
The SCHOOL OF BASIC ARTS AND SCIENCES gives the foundation training upon which technical specialization is built and in addition, together with the departments of Industrial Journalism, the Library, Physical Education, and the Conservatory of Music, provides the general and liberal training essential to personal culture and civic efficiency.

For catalogue and information write to

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CONVENIENCE

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Freshie: "Sure, I see it."

J. G.: "Well, go over and crawl into it."

* * *

PATRIOTISM

Miss Graves: "Fred, write a patriotic composition on a cow for tomorrow."

Fred Prah: "The cow has two horns, two eyes, a mouth and a tail; and long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

* * *

Rex Ryan (to William Borin at track meet): "Do you like to see the runners, old man?"

W. B.: "I sure do. That blonde over there has two in one sock."

* * *

IN ENGLISH

Teacher: "Otto, use the word 'deferred' in a sentence."

Otto Anuschat: "The cat ran through the fire and was defurred."

* * *

Kill Keenan: "What did he die of?"

Don Karberg: "I don't know, but I guess it wasn't anything serious."

KNIGHT'S SHOES

ARE THE BEST

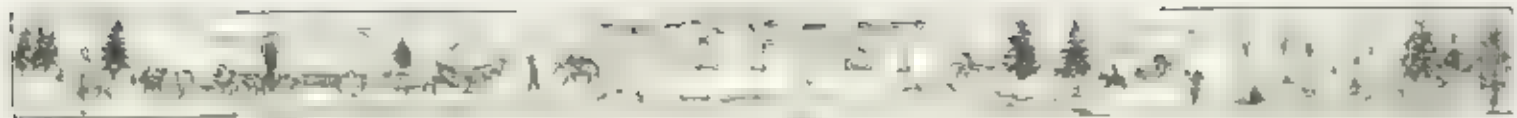
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Will Buy
More Good Eats
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Any Other Place
on Earth*

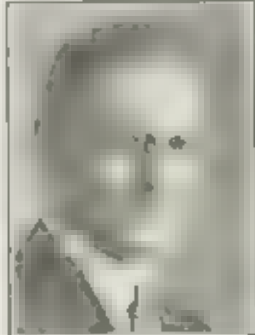
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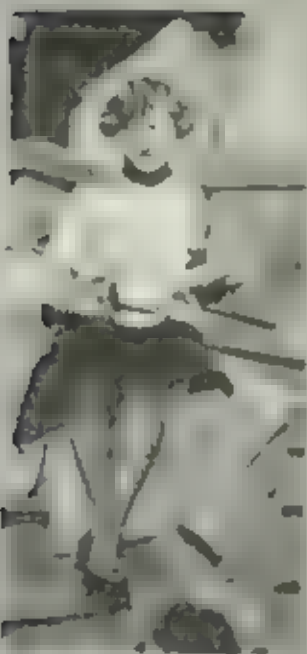
Wells



Wells



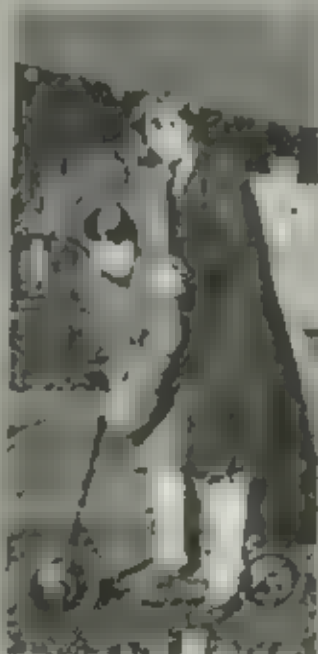
Line



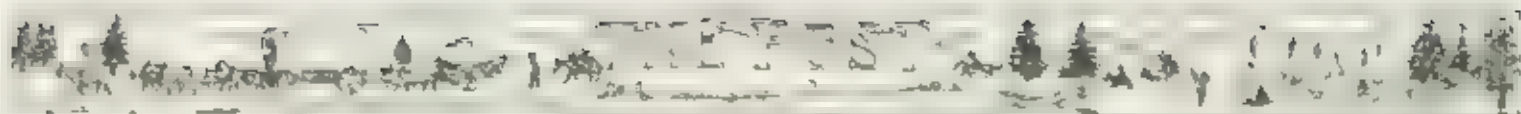
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Snells



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TOO TRUE

Even a dreamer attracts attention when he snores.

* * *

Teacher (looking at watch): "We have just five minutes more. I shall be glad to answer any questions you wish to ask."

Botilda Tykeson: "What time is it?"

* * *

Teacher: "When did William the Conqueror invade England?" (After a painful silence) "Open your history books and find out."

Ruby Webb: "William the Conqueror, 1066."

Teacher: "Well, why didn't you remember the date?"

Ruby: "Gosh, I thought it was his 'phone number."

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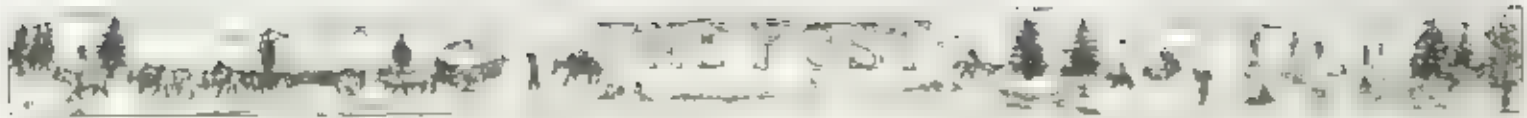
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BASEBALL, FOOTBALL, TRACK, TENNIS, GOLF, SWEAT SHIRTS

Mr. Harrington: "Have you read 'To a Field Mouse'?"

Lloyd H.: "No; how do you get them to listen?"

Franklin High Dictionary

Assembly Room—Sweetheart land.

Bell—Signal of distress for pupils.

Candy—Something much sought after during school time.

Chew—Favorite pastime of students.

Corridor—Dangerous passage way between the assembly and the library.

Debaters—Six talking machines.

Dictionary—Substitute for going to the library.

Eraser—Implement used in time of war.

Examinations—List of unnecessary questions asked the students by the teacher.

Fountain—Receiving dish for cuds of gum.

Freshman—Green plants decorating the assembly room.

Gum—Chief element of food used by students.

Laboratory—Active volcano.

Music—Mr. Walsh's favorite daughter.

Noon—Signal given the pupils to start on race track for 25 minutes.

Office—Pupils' place of retreat when being pursued.

Profanity—Second language of students.

Science—45 minutes of torture.

Singing—Various sounds uttered by chorus.

Student—A person in misery.

Teacher—One in whom all legislative power is vested.

Vacation—A seventh heaven of delight.

Whispering—Chief occupation of F. H. S. students.

Come to
Mariel's Furniture Store

72nd St. S. E. at Foster Road
The Price is Right

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obligation to buy"

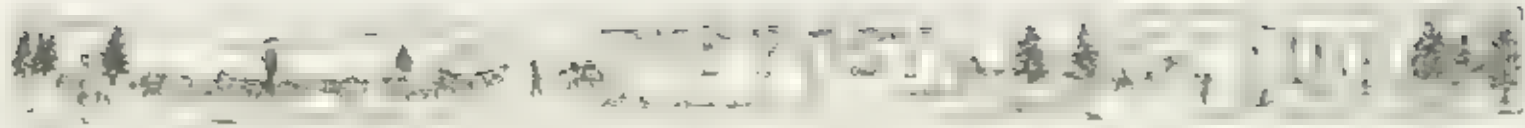
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Don

By GEORGE BISHOP

He weighs one hundred sixty,
He's almost six feet tall;
His hair is sandy colored,
You've seen him in the hall.

His face is quite attractive,
There's something 'bout it rare,
Instead of two red eyebrows,
He has three eyebrows there.

In spite of these few defects,
He has a voice so rare,
That when he starts in singing
His rich tones fill the air.

Many and many a laurel
For Franklin won has he,
And now that he must leave us,
We'll miss him from our "Glee."

THE POPCORN MAN

Is Here Every Day With

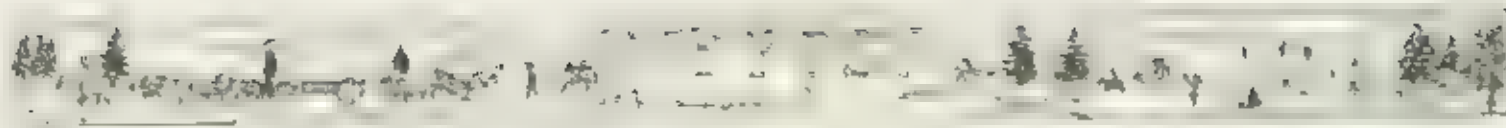
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The UNIVERSITY of OREGON

Write to Registrar, University of Oregon, Eugene, for catalogue and information about the University.

"Aren't you the girl who was here a week ago looking for a position?"

Dorothy Todd: "Yes, sir."

"And didn't I tell you I wanted an older girl?"

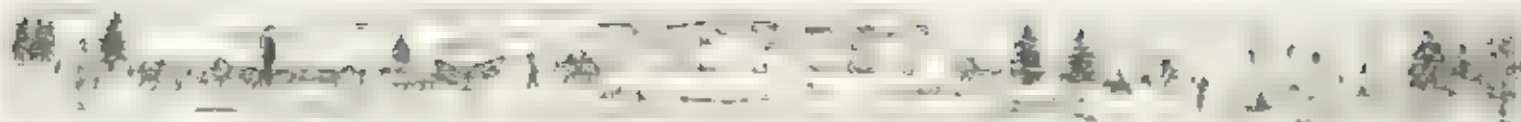
Dorothy: "Y'sir, that's why I'm back now."

* * *

Gordon Knight: "I hear Morris Wolt is going into settlement work after graduation this spring."

Gerald Morrison: "Yes, he accepted a job with a collection agency."

"USE
RIVERVIEW
MILK
IT'S BEST"



SENIOR-FRIEND PORTRAITS
AUNE STUDIO

Portland's Popular Photographer
839 MORGAN BLDG.

Bessie Ennes: "I don't understand Browning."

E. 8 Teacher: "Well, you see, it takes intelligence."

* * *

THINK SO?

E. Michelsen: "Where are you going?"

Velma Manning: "Heaven, if I get a chance."

E. M. (noticing crowd ahead): "I think we are going to be separated."

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DRUG STORE**

C. C. Banfield, Prop.
41st and Division Streets
Chestnut 1-0000 FAX 6282

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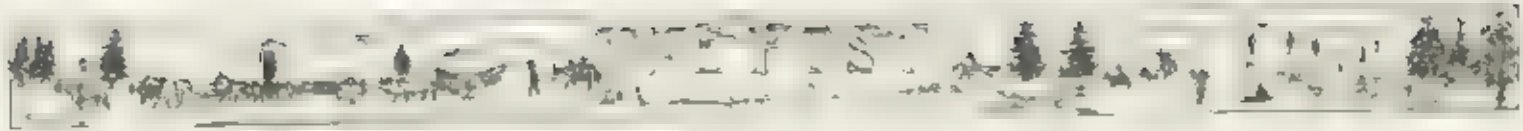
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Delivered where you want it
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Tobacco

Stop! Look! Read!

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THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE

Archie: "I bet I am dirtier than you are."

Reggy: "That's all right; you're two years older than I am."

* * *

Robert Otto: "If you should stand with one foot on a dime and the other on a nickel, what would it represent?"

Freshie: "I'll bite, what is it?"

R. O.: "Woolworth."

Freshie: "How come?"

R. O.: "Nothing over 15 cents."

* * *

"Is Day Foster a loud dresser?"

"Is he? You should hear him look for his collar button."

* * *

A woman put her tongue on a flat iron to see if it was hot. The household has been remarkably quiet since.

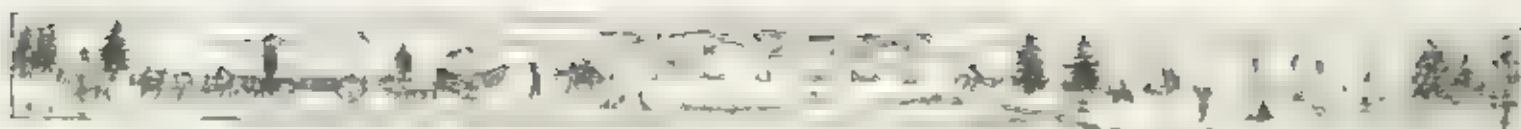
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YEAGER THEATRE

LENTS STATION

She: "Is that poor fellow a hunchback?"

He: "No, he has to walk that way to fit sale shirts his wife bought him."

* * *

Walter Boyd: "What did Rose do when you asked her for a date?"

G. Van Dervlugt: "She gave me the chapel steps."

W. B.: "The 'chapel steps'?"

G. V.: "Yes, the stony 'stares'."

* * *

John McQuaid seems bashful and shy,
But you can get acquainted—just try.

* * *

NON-CONTAGIOUS

A girl who had just returned from Egypt was telling her mother about the pyramids and other wonders. Some of the stones, she said, were covered with hieroglyphics. "I hope, dear," said her mother anxiously, "you were careful not to get any of them on you."

* * *

D. Royse: "Hello! Where are you going in such a hurry?"

K. Huddle: "A fellow just stole my car."

D. R.: "But you can't overtake him on foot?"

K. H.: "Oh! yes, he forgot the repair kit."

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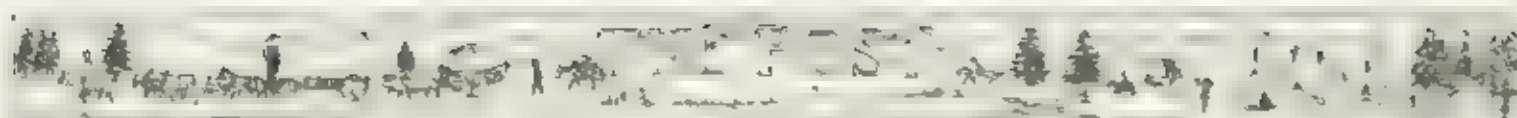
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 GENERAL MERCHANDISE
and
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Kenneth Wilson, the funny old duck,
 Has the most remarkable luck.
 He stepped in some glue,
 But the smart little Jew
 Was so slick that he didn't get stuck!

Graeper's Egyptian Theatre Union and Russell		McCredie's Venetian Theatre St. Johns
Alhambra Theatre 49th and Hawthorne	Echo Theatre 37th and Hawthorne	Bob White Theatre 65th and Foster Road
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FREE CRANK CASE SERVICE
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LIGHT VERSE

If one is fat, and slow, and thick,
And slim would like to be,
Just eat a single candlestick;
It makes you light, you see.

* * *

Marion Holloway: "Ellen, where are you going when you die?"
Ellen Jones: "To the funeral, of course."

* * *

E8 Teacher: "Can you tell me what a synonym is?"
Laura Svart: "A word used in place of one you can't spell."

"*NOW Everybody Speaks of the Sweets and Eats*"

Come
Once
and
You
Will
Come
Always

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We serve the very best home cooking in
everything. Quality as well as quantity al-
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SHORT AND SWEET

Mr. Eckhardt: "Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square of the two sides of this triangle?"

Carl Toiven: "I don't have to prove it, I admit it."

* * *

A more clever maiden n'er will you meet—

Than Irene Boardman, serenely sweet.

* * *

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Makes the boys gladly pay.

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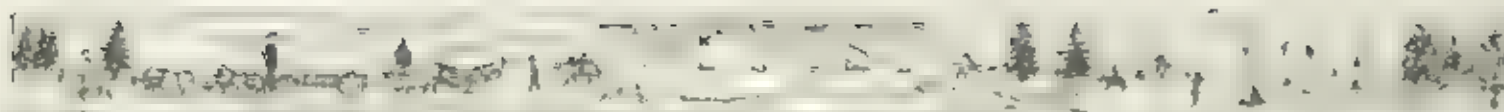
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Shades, Gesso, etc.
1385 Hawthorne Ave.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Miss Young: "Max, where were you, during your lunch period?"

Max McKinney (Meekly): "Eating lunch."

* * *

Miss Maule: "Change this sentence, 'John broke the window.'"

Tom E.: "The window broke John."

Martha Heifner: "There is something eating on my mind."

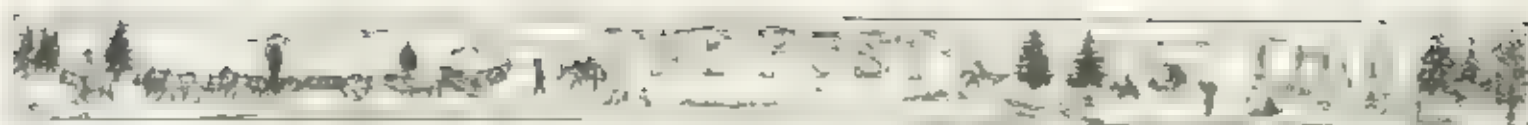
Thelma Raz: "Never mind; it will soon starve."

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Quality Meat
567 MILWAUKIE ST.



CHILDHOOD DAYS

As thought by a grammar school infant

Dear Sister Jane and Brother Bill
To Franklin High School go,
But when I'm big and thin like them
I hope more sense to show.

You know, Sis Jane came home last March,
An' said to me said she,
"I wish tomorrow you would lend
Your pair of skates to me."

I thought that I was dreaming,
But I didn't lose all hope,
Till Brother Bill came asking me
To use my jumping rope.

I up an' asked Bill how he felt,
When, like a street pedestrian,
He turned an icy stare on me and cried,
"Why, what a question!"

I soon forgot all these events
And let the matter fall,
But next day back came Sister Jane
To borrow my big doll.

"Truth has fiction beat a mile,"
A wise old codger warbles;
But I was certain that was bunk
Till Bill took all my marbles.

"Children's play portrays their minds,"
(That's what I'm taught to see)
Yet Jane and Bill reached Franklin,
And that's what puzzles me.

—MARGUERITTE HOLLINGWORTH.



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*We Handle Only the Best
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F. F. EHRlich
TAILOR
SUnset 2345
9134 Foster Road Portland, Ore.

SAD BUT TRUE

Mr. Enna: "Do you know the difference between a vision and a sight?"

Wanda: "We give up."

Mr. Enna: "Well, some women are a vision at night but a sight in the morning."

* * *

Charles Gross: "How much are your \$4 shoes?"

Clerk: "Two dollars a foot."

* * *

Gurli Gustafsson: "We get our milk from Germans."

Lexie Thrall: "We don't; we get ours from cows."

Milton Smith: "Why do they put bridges over rivers?"

Katherine Lodi: "Why! To keep out the rain of course."

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Musical Instruments
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245 Taylor St. Phone MAin 3067

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Two Button

Single - Double

Breasted Models

Suits that give the comfortable feeling that comes from being able to forget one's clothes, because they are right.

Two Trouser Suits

\$45

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Anna M. Nitzel

Margaret White. "Bum"
Your Sweetheart



Gordon Saunders.

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 Isabel L. G. Pol.
 Your Aunt Helen Bum.
 I say so!
 Lucile Brown
 Mary S. Hubbs
 Hathryn Frost
 Giuseppe Tobin
 Archie Asher
 Louisa Manning
 Lucille Smith
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 Beanie Lee
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 Donald Knouse
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always yours"
Genuine
Free

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Hazel MacLennan

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